



A SUMMER JOURNEY
TO BRAZIL

BY
ALICE R. HUMPHREY

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MAP OF TWO HEMISPHERES.

A SUMMER JOURNEY TO BRAZIL

By Alice R. Humphrey

"To the general American public Brazil is a *terra incognita*. Less is known of it than of Asia, Africa, the distant islands of the sea, or even of the North Pole."

"I asked no other thing,
No other was denied.
I offered Being for it;
The mighty merchant smiled.

Brazil? He twirled a button,
Without a glance my way:
'But, madam, is there nothing else
That we can show to-day?'"

EMILY DICKINSON.



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PREFACE

Experiences indicated in these pages are not merely incidental and exceptional but prove by repeated journeys to be really characteristic.

We first visited the Empire of Brazil when Dom Pedro was at his best; then in the critical period following the revolution; last when the era of discord had culminated and the first *civilian* President was peacefully elected. The short but severe apprenticeship in self government transformed a Latin Empire into a settled Republic in eight years. Now for three years the rapid advance in things which pertain to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," has been so quiet and steady as to pass unnoticed.

The eleven years' history of this sister Republic is full of hope for Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines. The New York Evening Post, June 26th, 1900, says: "Under republican institutions individual

effort has been stimulated and rapid development has gone forward in the wilds of the Amazon as it has in the coast regions of Brazil." *But nearly six years of military government were necessary before it was practicable to elect a civilian President.*

The English expectation of a collapse of a Brazilian Republic was not given up until about 1896.

Great Britain's equipment for *ruling other nations* is so far in advance of the United States that any thought of our copying her methods is as absurd as it would be to expect England to set up a self-governing Republic. The St. James Gazette of June 26th, 1900 expresses the opinion that China is "teaching America the impossibility of a great trading nation avoiding Imperialism," and adds "America's experience will teach her that it is not the desire to grab distant lands, but unavoidable destiny that drives Great Britain ever forward. Washington has no choice but to protect the imperilled American citizens and having once interfered in China to protect her interests she will never be able to shake from her shoes

the dust of the Celestial Empire." When Edwin H. Conger was Minister to Brazil the United States in protecting American shipping ended the Brazilian Republic's most serious revolt. *But the United States interference in Brazilian affairs went no further.*

Little as the United States has otherwise done for Brazil the expressed feeling is "Our greatest wish is to model the new Brazilian Republic according to the Constitution of the United States and to develop and consolidate our friendship and commercial relations with that incomparable Nation."

H. M. H.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

AUGUST, 1900.

A SUMMER JOURNEY TO BRAZIL.

NEW YORK TO LISBON.

FIVE winters in succession without one summer is an experience which I recall with pleasure these hot days! How did I manage it? Just crossed the equator to Brazil in May, back to New York in November, down to Brazil in May again and back once more in October.

Many people "who loved geography when they were young" have still no realizing sense of the reversal of the seasons south of the equator, and do not know how interesting a voyage they might easily make if they went "up and down in the world," instead of going around it.

Everybody who is fortunate enough to have the money to do it has treated himself or some of his family to a trip around the world, and missionaries and commercial men have added to the list until we all speak with familiarity of life and travels in China and Japan, India and Egypt ; but what American ever started for a pleasure trip to the southern half of his own hemisphere ! Why not ?

I have gone there by two different ways, and for variety recommend them both. Suppose you go in May—as you can most comfortably and with the largest number of new experiences—by way of the American Line to Southampton, England ; thence, sailing from that same Southampton harbor, to Rio de Janeiro by the English Royal Mail Line. You find yourself leaving England in a good-sized, well-built steamer named for some river, “ Nile,” “ Danube,” “ Magdalena,” or “ Clyde,”—let us say the “ Nile,”—and evidently made for different seas from the North Atlantic. Your cabin may be 7 x 10 feet, its walls on the gangway made of slats like blinds slightly open for ventilation ;

and the wide decks covered with permanent awnings suggest a summer veranda. This line of steamers makes the trip from England to Buenos Ayres in twenty-four days, and winter and summer they must heat the cabins at one end of the trip for the comfort of the passengers; for at one end it is winter if at the other you find summer. You will arrive at Rio de Janeiro at the end of seventeen days.

Out of the English Channel, stopping at Cherbourg for a few passengers from Paris, across the Bay of Biscay, it takes from Friday morning till Sunday to reach the quaint Spanish harbor of Vigo. Perhaps, so far, there will have been in the ship's company one or two wine merchants who now leave for Oporto. Here you will receive your first instalment of emigrants, Spanish peasants, going to the Argentine Republic, the women with black hair and eyes and the most brilliant colors in their clothes. They may have nothing on their feet but their heads will be tied in kerchiefs, suggestive of a tulip-bed for hues.

You wish with your careful American training that a dignified old English steamship line would not regularly plan to spend that first Sunday in such a heathenish port, loading and unloading freight and taking on such irreligious-looking passengers. There is no service for you but what you make for yourself, and you look on with a painful sense that the great outside world is different from your gentle home, and go down to your room and get your Bible and try to think while the hoisting apparatus outside is lifting bumping boxes out of lighters and creaking them down into the hold, and scores of little boats full of Spanish vendors are screaming their fruits and earthenware or helping their poor countrymen into the steerage of your ship.

You wonder if "Boss Tweed" really enjoyed life here up to the time when Nast's cartoon strayed into the town and inspired the authorities to report the discovered "child-stealer."

One lesson you may learn from the foreign conditions of the day—to sympathize more

sensitively with the daily life of our Lord spent among people who did not think as He did.

One day more and you anchor off Lisbon. Of course you will make one of a party with some of your shipmates, hire a boat and go ashore, a mile or more of rowing or sailing. How pretty the cream-colored city looks in her green palms! and how substantial the great stone quays! You hire a guide and go to drive. You get an impression of ornate public buildings and memorial statues, of narrow business streets with numberless insignificant shops, of the broader avenues of thick-walled, stuccoed, gay-colored residences, standing low and square in heavy shrubberies, of the Botanical Garden which no well regulated Portuguese city could be without and which here lies on the brow of a hill looking over the town; and now you know you must have your luncheon, and find a good one at a hotel. The semi-tropical life is comfortable behind "the Venetians," and you have been getting glimpses of pretty courts through open corridors.

Now you must try to think what best use you can make of the remaining hour before you must cross the Place du Commerce, or Black Horse Square as the English call it, looking out on the harbor and surrounded the other three sides by government offices and custom-house, with spacious arcades, a triumphal arch, and bronze statue of Joseph I., then pick your way down the wet stone steps to the little boat which will row you out to your ship.

But where shall you go *for one hour*? Down to the dirty, narrow, old, Moorish quarter? No. Out to the church and palace of Belem built on the site whence Vasco de Gama embarked in 1500, and now containing the tombs of that explorer and of the great poet, Camoens (whom many readers will also connect with Macao, China). No that's too far and too interesting for a mere hour. So is its neighboring tower in which the peerages of Portugal and her colonies are kept, and which looked so picturesque from the steamer, Moorish architecture in yellow brick. Can you go to see

PLACE DU COMMERCE, LISEON.



what the irreverent traveler calls "the dried kings" in the fine church of San Vicente de Fora, where you may see the remains of royalty of the line of Braganza preserved in glass coffins? Can you go to the beautiful suburb of Cintra, the summer resort of the nobility, the favorite of the English residents? No, it is fourteen miles away, through orange groves, and up, up from two to three thousand feet.

I remember when we were seeing the sights of Lisbon we had one very entertaining man in our little party who proved to be an American missionary in Brazil. He had been over this ground before, and seemed never to forget anything. He told us the story of a Lady Bountiful, blessing the poor with her generosity, no other than our old fellow-countrywoman of Woman's Rights' fame, Victoria Woodhull, now married and living near Lisbon. Indeed she is a very great lady, said the tale, and very gracious to American visitors.

But no! It would require too much time to see any sights more than the mar-

velous pictures of three scenes in the life of our Lord, done in Rome in mosaic after Raphael, Michael Angelo and Guido Reni, which we find in a small chapel in the church of San Roque in the heart of the city. About 1740 King John V. had this alcove or chapel made in Rome. He was a devoted Romanist, had been enriched by the discovery of the gold and diamond mines of Brazil, so this could be very costly in mosaic, bronze, porphyry, lapis lazuli, etc. It was set up in St. Peter's in Rome and the Pope celebrated the first mass in it, then it became one of the treasures of Lisbon.

And now you are again on the ship. You look at beautiful Lisbon and know that if it had not been for Brazil you would never have seen it. It has been so easily reached from England on this steamer, but what an interminable journey it would have been by rail! Spain seems far enough away when one is traveling "on the Continent," but Portugal! Indeed, this enterprising, seafaring, colonizing country of

three hundred years ago is nearly forgotten. How many know now that her sailors named Formosa (beautiful) as they found its lovely shores, or think to trace her hand on every Continent!

But the anchor is being drawn up and you feel like old residents on the "Nile," and hardly know whether you are English or Americans as you look about at the new passengers, French, Portuguese, Brazilians and Argentinos; for the English tongue and simple brusque manners fall into slight minority. French clothes, which these wealthy new-comers love, are well displayed by their ladies, and you will soon be shrugging your shoulders and gesticulating dramatically unless you are very unsympathetic. Your next meals amuse you; for the bill-of-fare which so far has had English names and dishes, now caters to at least three sets of people. The English get their bacon, their "grilled bones," and their cold meat pies, the Americans have hash (with a foreign element of grease and onions which the true Yankee would not own), the Portu-

guese have bacalhao and feijao (codfish and black beans), and plenty of mutton stewed with carrots. What else? Good soups, meats, vegetables, salads and desserts, and one dish daily required by the original charter of the Royal Mail Steamship Co.—curry and rice!

These people and you are to be two weeks together now, in summer seas, a most *al fresco* life. Each passenger has brought a deck chair to his own taste, varying from the simplest camp variety to the East Indian adjustable luxury of rattan with bottle-sockets in the arms and places to keep one's books, field-glasses and games.

TWO WEEKS IN TROPICAL SEAS.

WHAT will you do with yourself during the two six-day stretches from Lisbon to St. Vincent of the Cape Verde Islands and from St. Vincent to Pernambuco?

You find yourself an old resident of the ship now, and mean to gain some sense of the real life of the people about you. The passengers are clannish at table and on deck. The English and Americans fall together in groups according to their taste or experience. The Portuguese, Brazilian and Argentine elements do the same. If you speak French you can converse with any of the three latter, for they are not confined to their mother tongues. "You Americans speak so few languages," said one, once, to me with polite derogation.

You soon settle into a routine. Early salt bath to which your steward calls you on

schedule time, a cup of black coffee, breakfast at nine. Perhaps you have already been on deck and greeted your fellow-passengers, as they all do, "Have you slept well?" After breakfast a "constitutional" on deck, pausing now and then at the end railing to look down a few feet upon the five hundred steerage passengers, the common details of whose lives are very public. They are nearly all barefooted, fearfully dirty, and you gratefully watch the ship's doctor going among them with energetic disinfectants, and take perhaps your first lesson in seeing English officers control the ignorant and unclean Latin. Your admiration rises; for their discipline is perfect even of this temporary charge. The "Nile" carries a thousand souls. Among those poor steerage people there are nearly always deaths at sea, but all is managed with quietness and consideration, and you probably will not know when the sorrowful burials take place.

You have had your walk, or your energetic game of ring-toss or shuffle-board, and sit down to rest and read, when up comes a

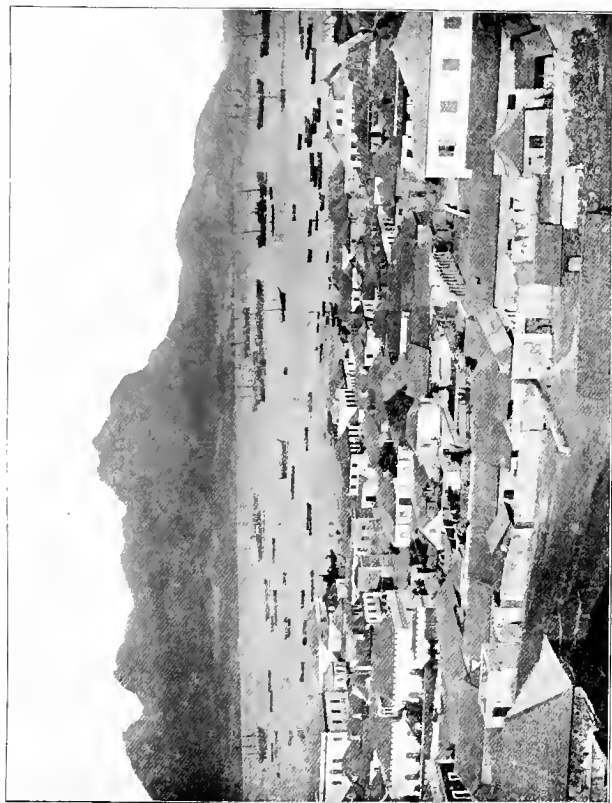
charming young English passenger and says, "May I include you in our sweepstakes for the ladies?" and you may be as ignorant as I and answer "Yes," in response. "Two shillings, please;" and your best friend will explain to you that you have been betting on the ship's run for the day. If you say no, you will probably be the only woman on the ship, rich or poor, who has no chance to win, and you must be as gracious and clever as you know how to make up for your incomprehensible Puritanism. At 12.30 P. M. the ship's run is posted, and by the time that excitement is over you go to luncheon. At 4 o'clock comes the cozy cup of tea, when perhaps some English lady will give you a slice of delicious cake she has brought from the famous Buzzard's in London, and you will offer her American ginger snaps crisp from the can in return.

When you left England your 7 o'clock dinner not only began, but ended in broad daylight. As you near the equator the days shorten rapidly until at 6 o'clock you see the sun at the horizon, take out your watch,

in three minutes you are in darkness without twilight. A week later when you land at Rio de Janeiro the sun will set at 5.15 P. M. You change temperature as well as the length of your days. Leaving England with cool weather and thick clothing, you graduate yourself into the lightest of raiment soon after leaving Lisbon. The water, the air and the sides of your cabin all maintain a temperature of 82° day and night for five or six days, and you keep yourself sheltered from the hotter rays of the sun.

One could easily imagine one's self a guest at a summer house-party—the decks some great verandas overlooking an illimitable lawn of the bluest blue, so quiet is the water. For dinner the gentlemen wear their dinner coats, the ladies make careful toilets, and Englishmen who have lived in India wear dress suits of white linen with short jackets and broad sashes of rich silk.

At least four days before the equator is reached the young people, with the assistance of the officers, make out a two days' program of athletic sports. Every first-class



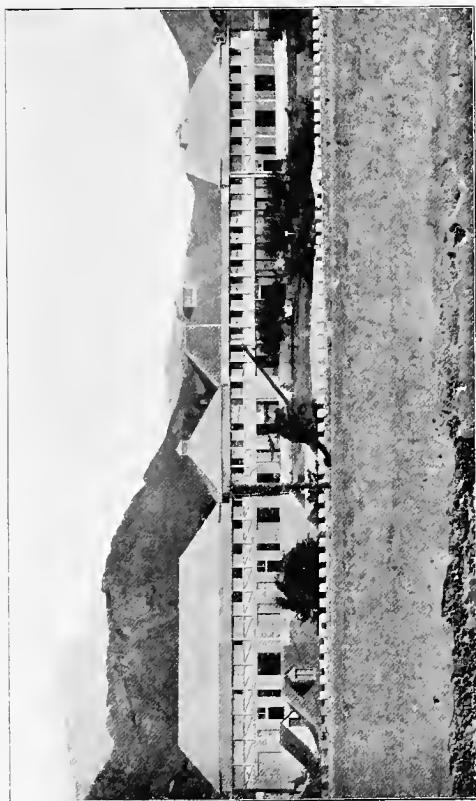
HARPOK, ST. VINCENT, CAPE VERDE ISLANDS.

passenger is asked to enter his name for one or more of the contests, and nearly all are obliging enough to do so. Then comes the fun of appointing judges and committees; the ladies search their trunks for ribbons for badges, and trinkets for prizes are selected. Then the two days of "sports." The veterans' race in which old men run who haven't done it for years, and young men's and young women's and children's, three-legged races and "obstacle races," "potato races" and "thread-and-needle races," and the ship's company is going from side to side and up and down to watch it all, or try to win, or compliment the winners. Well! you will have your exercise and many a good laugh, and in the evening the prizes will be distributed in the music-room by the captain or the most distinguished passenger.

After dinner you will watch the phosphorescent water gleaming like a trail of fire at the stern, take more walks with the promenaders around the decks, and repair to the music-room where your talented fellow-passengers are sure to furnish a concert,

including everything from the classics to Irish ballads and college songs. Even a prestidigitator may give you a performance some night. Oh! you are all great friends now. The Portuguese Countess and you have been having an hour's womanly visit; and you are anxious about the baby of the fascinating English wife of the Argentine ranchman who lives in such dignity in their little colony on the pampa. The baby feels the rapid change to summer heat, and you advise the mother to fill her rubber (hot) water-bag with ice-water and slip it under baby's little pillow, and she thinks it might be well and says she has always heard the Americans were "keen after ice."

You will be glad to see land for a few hours, though it is a dreary, treeless spot, picturesque St. Vincent. Thirty-five English telegraph operators form the nucleus of the town and are there to repeat cablegrams from the systems of wires which center there in mid-ocean. At a center of information, yet what fearful isolation! Other steamers stop for coal as yours does.



CABLE STATION, ST VINCENT.

The second Sunday at sea is one to be remembered. It is spent in mid ocean, in the tropics. In the companionway is posted a notice of service in the great dining-saloon at 10.30 A. M. At ten you are sitting on deck, in a fresh white dress, waiting. Soon after the crew begins to gather, stewards, cooks, quartermasters, every one who can be spared from duty. They come in neat uniform, white trousers, navy blue jackets and caps with the Royal Mail device embroidered in color. The line of men, over a hundred, stretches the length of the deck. The captain and purser, followed by all the officers walk the length of the line for roll-call and review. The officers lead the way to the dining-saloon followed by the crew, then by the passengers. The stately service of the Church of England is read by the captain; the psalms are all sung, led by an accomplished English lady at the organ.*

* As the hymns and chants are those of the English Church an English musician is naturally chosen, and there are always those among the English passengers who are fully competent to render this service.

How many fine voices there are among those sailors ! It is an impressive service, and you are glad that it is required by law, and that all sorts and conditions of men join in it.

After this luncheon, and a deck unusually full of novel readers, for some of the gentlemen do not play "poker" in the smoking-room Sundays.

I remember we saw during that Sunday afternoon two men whom we had not seen before. They were reading Bibles. A notice of a Gospel service at 8 P. M. by the forward hatch was posted. We went ; so did all the passengers. The two new men were the evangelists. They gave out a Gospel hymn and started it, but no one seemed to know it or joined in the singing. They read the Scripture and exhorted, expressing themselves strongly on unrighteousness, betting and the use of tobacco, while the listeners occasionally took their cigarettes out of their mouths long enough to smile derisively. We felt pained at the apparent failure and asked the captain for the cause.

“Well,” said he, “these men are in the world but not of it. They have shut themselves away from the passengers, the sports ; shown no friendliness to the sailors. My men are very obliging and often sing well when these missionaries come along, but this sort offends them, makes them ugly.” We saw no more of the men until they landed four days later.

PERNAMBUCO.

YOU cannot help being properly excited when you anchor off your first Brazilian city, Pernambuco—the sugar-shipping port. It lies two miles away—a low line of light-colored buildings with palm trees interspersed. Between you and it is the strange wall, the natural breakwater, which looks as if some human engineer had planned it there; narrow, level, twelve feet above high water, with the surf broken into white foam against its side. This reef follows the coast for several hundred miles, but not always above the water line. Opposite your anchorage is the break in the wall which would let a lighter vessel than yours over the reef; and in the quiet harbor lie the smallish craft from everywhere. At the end of the reef near you is an old bit of a Dutch fort, and



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it dawns on your mind that in the colonizing times between 1530 and 1660 this land was owned successively by Portugal, Spain, England, Holland and finally by Portugal again.

You may feel very superior in some ways to what you see when you go ashore, but not in the antiquity of your country nor the superiority of your coffee. The truth is you are in a life wholly different from anything you live in at home. You look down the narrow streets at buildings which remind you of the different colonists who built there. Close by is a public building, the outside walls of which are faced in pattern with glazed tiles in green and yellow like your neighbor's new mantelpiece. Next is a stucco building, tinted to imitate pink marble, with sky-blue trimmings. It makes you laugh, it's all so gay, but it seems pleasant after all that any people should want their very houses and stores and town halls to look so cheerful. You are not quite used to seeing fair-sized children in the street without clothes, but they are black mostly who

avail themselves of such liberty. You look at the street cars, which your English companion calls a "tram" and your Brazilian escort a "bond," and their unsleek little mules with their long fur all welshed where they have been beaten, suggest room for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

You ride over the long iron bridge built in Dom Pedro's time to the suburb where fine residences make you realize anew how the people love brightness—for in the gardens are not only brilliant flowering plants, but wire frames among the shrubbery holding great quicksilvered balls, and your confused sense is of a continuous Christmas tree in hot weather with no gift for you. Indeed you feel in a very foreign land. There is not a tree or plant you have seen outside of greenhouses. The colors are all more brilliant, the motions more slow, the greetings more elaborate, the beggars more loathsome, the whole place more ancient and semi-decayed than anything you know. Every wall is thick to keep out the heat,

every window has its "Venetian," behind which you fancy are eyes.

A fellow-traveller on the steamer knows the life here and has been assuring you that the climate is delightful : that no one ever takes cold ; that windows never are shut ; that the same weight of clothing can be worn the year around ; that the foreign colony is agreeable, the hand-made lace is pretty and durable, and the best "drawn-work" simply exquisite.

Six strong men row you over the two miles to your ship. Outside the reef it is rough enough to keep you very still in your little boat and glad to exchange it for a steamer, and you wonder if you can be quick enough to catch the ladder as the wave lifts your boat to meet it. It has seemed to you the last few minutes that the miracle of Peter walking on the water was being repeated several times about you on that rough sea, only these modern sea-walkers have a mast and a bench. It is really the fishermen's catamaran, a raft constantly washed by the sea, navigated by a sail.

The ship is as familiar a home now as you can remember, and you think you know everything that can happen to you there. You have loaded and unloaded freight, listened to the noise of the ice-manufacturing, the dumping of the ashes from the furnace-room in the early morning, and the daily scrubbing down of the decks at 4 A.M. You have watched the crew go through the fire drill and the drill of manning the life-boats. You have listened to the Captain's stories of helping disabled ships in mid-ocean, and the heavy expense of it, and learned how they signal their distress with rockets. You know Sunday in port and Sunday at sea, how to count the "bells," and change your watch daily to the new time. But while you are eating the first half of your dinner that night you realize that you are an object of interest to your next neighbor at table, a *bon vivant* who has made this journey many times before. You cannot think what is the cause of his suppressed excitement. You like the fresh vegetables that have come aboard and

remember your childhood when you look at the new bouquets which decorate the tables—such old-time solid pyramids of posies. At length dessert is reached. The steward brings a whole pineapple, lifts its cap (the entire outside), reveals the juicy inside cut in slices which you taste. Now you know what your neighbor wanted to see, your surprise and delight in the Pernambuco “pines,” the abacaxi (abà-ca-shee). Make the most of the abundance of this ripe, rich-flavored, tender, fiberless fruit here, for you probably won’t find anything else that tastes so good.

TWO BEAUTIFUL BAYS.

It is two days from Pernambuco to Bahia. The ship does not keep in sight of land, for coast currents are not safe.

I remember well our anchoring in 1895, in the great bay—Bahia means bay—surrounded by bluffs on which the bright-colored buildings of the city show to fine advantage. The fleet of little boats rowed out the mile to meet us. The Presbyterian missionary friends we had known so pleasantly in our own land, the Chamberlains and the Kolbs, were in one of them and we no longer felt unknown and far away.

Mr. Chamberlain said, "We came out to see you and Bishop Granbery."

"The Bishop is not on this ship," we replied. But persistent investigation discovered him, his wife, and the Secretary of the

Foreign Mission Board of the Methodist Church South in the "second-class." The quarters located over the screw had kept them miserable from the constant vibration and seasick the entire voyage, so they were thoroughly used up.

Whoever has read "The Bishop's Conversion" * will appreciate the story. Most merchants "economize some other way." There are differing views of this economy among missionaries, and individual needs should enter into the decision, but the nervous system should be strong to endure the perpetual motion of the screw.

That half-day in Bahia harbor with our friends was a taste of missions at short range. Their flourishing school had just closed. It was a new venture with Miss Laura Chamberlain for principal. The last day of school had been a memorable one, visited by parents who sent their children with fear and trembling, but who came to see the ending with pride and astonishment. The secular papers had com-

* Published by the Methodist Book Concern.

mented unrequested on the high quality of instruction—a brave deed there where Protestantism had no friends. The Brazilian owner of a great factory in a suburb had been present and proposed to pay the expenses of such a school among his employees if “we” could provide such teachers. How we all planned! How worth while it seemed to live! to plan schools for a great state in which only sixteen in a hundred could read! even if it were only for two schools, “ours” and the factory owner’s.

Mr. Chamberlain had just returned from his first long journey in the saddle away, away into the interior of the state, and found material for Gospel teaching which filled him with enthusiasm—the sturdy “cow-boys,” men clad in leather, of fine physique and stamina. “Rough Riders” were not then renowned, but Mr. Chamberlain’s prophetic eye saw his men as they might be and longed to get plenty of help and be at work to realize the vision.

The religious history of the state of Bahia has been making since that day, but not

without persecution. A third school was planted, and grew, out on the nearest edge of "the interior" at the cattle-market, Feira St. Anna, in spite of warnings of priests and Romish fanatics, with Christine Chamberlain as principal teacher, beloved by the children and admired by their parents, who needed such goodness, efficiency and magnetism as hers to overcome their fear of a Protestant school. Now the burning torch which was beginning to lighten that dark spot has been taken away to the land where there is no more night. Both Miss Chamberlain and her Brazilian assistant, Noemi, have died of fever, contracted while going through an unsanitary part of Bahia on a visit of friendly inspection to that "factory school." And the factory school is like a green bay tree. The patron was warned that it might cost him his friends and even his great business, but he has been determined to accomplish such instruction for his people in spite of the fact that the Bible was to be used as freely as any text-book. He is a convert to modern (Christian) education.

Pretty Bahia seems more nearly in a comatose state than the other Brazilian cities you have heard described so freely on the steamer. You gather that there is less intelligence, more superstition, less broad public spirit, more fevers, less elegance of speech and courtesy of manner. Your steamer does not wait long enough for you to verify these impressions. You only climb the bluff in an elevator, go in a bond to see pretty suburban residences, passing consular offices with their national colors. You come back through the narrowest of streets, and stop at one church "of Our Lady," and have a hurried look within. It is old-looking, bare and dirty to your eyes, and the image of the little Christ in His mother's arms shocks you by its ugliness and frippery. Hung about are waxen imitations of arms, legs, heads, etc., with sores and various ailments depicted on their surfaces. You recognize them as the offerings you have heard about, and to be found in many churches, of sufferers who plead with the Mother of Our Lord to heal their diseases. Time and

dust do not make these objects more pleasing to the eye.

Back again you row to the ship and dine, then go on deck. Forget the few unpleasant things you saw ashore, remember the palms and the colors, and give yourself up to the pleasure of the soft night-air and that great crescent of lights—electric and gas—from the water's edge to the height of the bluff, with the lighthouse shining nobly at the point.

Some new passengers have come for the south, one coffee-merchant, from Boston, you are told; the others all Brazilian. You have never met people more courteous than this Brazilian Senator and his wife, but their manners are very conservative compared with their countrymen, who are now taking leave of each other after a champagne party given down in the dining-saloon by those about to sail. The men literally embrace each other, in true Brazilian style, patting each other's shoulder-blades, and their kissing is on both cheeks. A criticism I once heard there of an average gentleman of the United States was, "He had no man-

ners whatever. Why, he did not even know enough to shake hands." So from now on you must have your hand ready, and soon learn *bom dia*, good-day, to say to every one you really meet.

A little over two days and you are about to enter the famous harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Deeply serrated mountains form the coast, with varying altitudes from one to four thousand feet, and the city of four hundred thousand people is so crowded by these precipitous heights that it must wind its way up several valleys and over the lesser hills with at least two cog-wheel railroads to the upper levels. These items have been told you by some new friends you have made on the ship, who are generous with all they know; and one man even brings you a paragraph he has copied from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which says: "The Bay of Rio de Janeiro has been the subject of poetic panegyric ever since it was discovered; and the traveler who comes to it after a voyage round the world seems as susceptible to its charm as if it were his first tropical expe-



DR. MANOEL FERRAZ
DE CAMPOS SALLES
PRESIDENT OF BRAZIL.

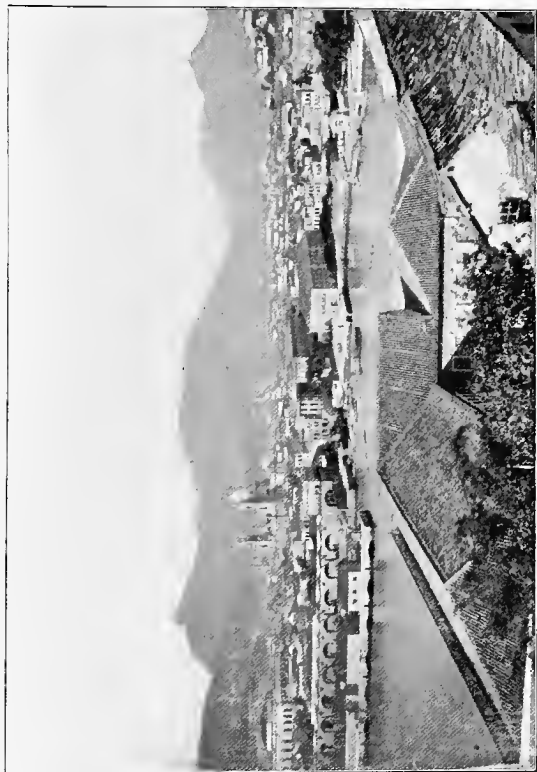


DONA ANNA GABRIELLA
DE CAMPOS SALLES.
WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT.

rience. This bay is the very gate to a tropical paradise. There is nowhere so bold a coast, such a picturesque cluster of mountains, such a maze of inlets and outlets, such a burst of all-pervading vegetation. The actual entrance between Fort São João and Fort Santa Cruz is 1700 yards wide. Within there are fifty square miles of anchorage, or even more for vessels of light draught, the bay having a width varying from two to seven miles, and stretching inland from the sea for sixteen miles. Its coast line, neglecting minor indentations, measures sixty miles. Such a sheet of water would be beautiful anywhere; but, when on all sides it is surrounded by hills of the most varied contour, the beauty is enhanced a thousandfold. Its surface is broken by a large number of islands from Governor's Island, six miles long, down to the little clusters." This man, by the way, started from England for the round trip of the "Nile," making altogether a two months' voyage. He has a large state-room, with books, mostly of science and reference.

For seventeen days you have heard of Rio, and Rio, and Rio, on deck and at table; for many of your companions live there or are eager to see it for the first time. You are up by six o'clock to lose none of the early morning view. The ship is nervous among the shore currents outside the harbor, then makes one great plunge over the bar, whereat all the old residents laugh familiarly, and glides in stately quiet within the smooth harbor.

You have had your early black coffee, so stay with all the rest to take in the exquisite beauty. Seeing is better than being told. Your lungs drink in the soft air. Your eyes drink in the forms and colors. Here is the old Sugar Loaf, sheer rock a thousand feet up out of the water, a sharp cone, gray, softened by green mosses, the sentinel of the city. There is the city built to the water's edge, with sharp hills in the midst, crowned each with a church, "built in Jesuit style." The groups and alleys of the royal palms are tall and straight, some of them a hundred feet in height, your neighbor says.



DOCKS AND ARSENAL, RIO DE JANEIRO.

The ship anchors not unduly near another ship. There are many others, warships and sailing vessels and steamers, "tramps" and "regular liners." In an incredibly short time a fleet of launches and row-boats surround you, and happy are you if you, too, find some one there to meet you. Here is an Englishman to meet the gentle wife and troop of little children he sent "home" a year ago to build up in cold weather. You look the other way at the bank clerk sent to meet two new recruits, and at the manager of an American coffee firm who comes to meet the man who is to be his substitute while he goes "home" for six months' change. But perhaps you are most interested to see the Scotchman who has come for his bride, for she has been such a cosy, little body all the way down. She sailed "in care of the captain," brought her wedding dress, her wedding cake and requisite legal papers along, has been everybody's helper and nobody's trouble, and finally has the nickname of Sammy, which is short for good Samaritan. She will have a Brazilian civil

marriage service first, then the chaplain of the Church of England will perform a religious one, and three weeks after she lands the British consul will marry the couple a third time and the notice can be recorded "at home." England does not intend to countenance runaway marriages. At the end of the third service you may telegraph your good wishes to "the Bride of the Nile."

The American knows the Rio Secretary of the International Young Men's Christian Association, and invites him to the steamer breakfast, of which nearly all now partake, both passengers and visitors. You and your husband are invited to be of the party to go ashore in that launch, and spend the day till four o'clock sight-seeing. You are advised to spend your nights in Petropolis; for it is beautiful up there, and a slight risk to stay down in the city at night on account of "the fever."

You prove during that first day in Rio that the narrow streets are lined with really interesting stores containing goods quite beautiful, but very expensive. You see

French clothes and fine diamonds ; brilliant birds, stuffed ; and humming-birds set in gold for jewelry ; feather flowers of the most beautiful colors, made from the natural, undyed plumage of tropical birds—crimson, pink and snow-white rose buds, pale pink morning-glories, scarlet coffee-cherries, all with green feather foliage. Such blossoms would not suffer in your bonnet if you wore them in the rain, but no one does it.

You stop a moment at the large music-store, having its own and foreign publications, and there catch the first strains of a Brazilian Tango, the dance of Spanish rhythm which you find quite new and fascinating. You will hear this same rhythm many times before you leave Brazil, but will not find it used for dancing.

You visit the large and elegant library building, containing they say one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, but see no readers. It was of royal origin long ago.

You go to see the new Young Men's Christian Association Building, the only one in Brazil, while your guide, Mr. Myron

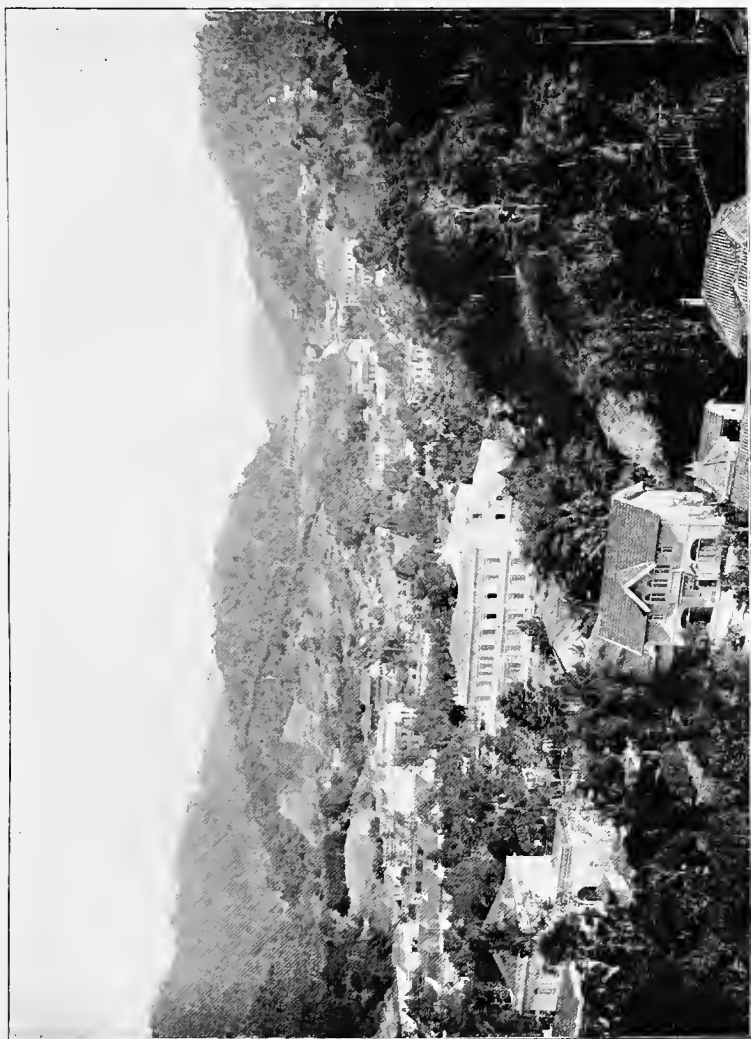
Clark, from Minneapolis, tells you the demand upon it in this port, and you wish it were not such a struggle to raise money for it. "The foreigners " are quite ready to contribute to the English hospital, for any of them may need its care ; but the use of a Y. M. C. A. is not familiar to many of them. How shall it get the money it deserves ?

You go to see the National Art Gallery and find a few good pictures of local feeling or history, but otherwise the work of artists who have studied in Paris. You have climbed one precipice of five hundred feet by the "Plano inclinado," looked down over the brilliant city flecked with palms, and followed the substantial aqueduct "built by the Jesuits" long ago, which brings water into town from the heights, over arches at first low, but rising about a hundred feet across one valley. The masonry is stuccoed, moss-grown, fern-draped ; the water pure and refreshing. You ascend to the top of Corcovado, twenty-five hundred feet high, by another cog-wheel railroad, and find a little shelter-house at the peak from which you

see the wonderful view of city, bay, other mountains and ocean bathed in light ; then hurry down to get the "barca," the large fine ferry-boat which takes you ten miles across the bay on your way to Petropolis. It leaves at four in the afternoon. How you love that sail in the soft air across that beautiful bay ! You look forward to the great Organ Mountains up which you will soon be climbing, and wonder what harmonies came from those giant fluted pipes when the morning stars sang together. You have good company, English, German and American in addition to the Brazilian. Too soon you are in the train which speeds along the few level miles, then dismembers and climbs the heavy grade in sections. You will never forget the outlook from these windows and wonder if so much beauty has existed all these years known to so few.

PETROPOLIS.

FOUR thousand feet up, and back from all sight of the harbor, you reach Petropolis, built first as the summer residence of the Emperor, Dom Pedro, and named for himself. It is a beautiful town, the home of rich Brazilians, foreign merchants and foreign legations, for it is the diplomatic center. While you stay at the English Pensão Honoria, some ship-friends are near by at the Hungarian Pensão Central, both with unusually good food and service. In the garden great bushes of the camelia are covered with waxen blossoms and the poinsettia blazes beside a hedge of heliotrope. Humming-birds dart in and out among the shrubs. Through the middle of every street runs the mountain stream in a stone-curbed channel, spanned by Indian-red bridges at the street crossings.



Dom Pedro was the "village improvement society," and the main street is still called the "Rua Imperador" although it was renamed when he was banished. The town follows the narrow valleys between hills always green. The gardens are bewildering in their profusion of flowers. Lilies blossom as they do in California. Orange trees perfume the air. The verandas are but a step up from the ground, and the rooms open upon the verandas. You feel little need for a house. Only hotels and palaces are two stories high; the rest are one.

The British Minister, the American, the Swedish, the Belgian, the German, the Argentine, with their suites, are soon recognizable. You go to call on your American Minister, find it is an afternoon "at home," and imagine you know what the confusion of tongues was like, for all the other kinds of foreigners are there. You go also to call on the Methodist missionary, sent by the Southern Church from Georgia. He is the only Protestant minister living in this region

except the German Lutheran, who is the shepherd of a colony of good German workers imported by the Emperor long ago.

These Methodists have begun with a school instead of a church, and have honored their work by buying a beautiful building in beautiful grounds for a seminary, which is the only rival of the school of the nuns in the old imperial palace. These are both boarding as well as day-schools. You smile when you become conscious of some of the difficulties these teachers have in preparing text-books and explaining general literature, for the North Star is not visible—the Southern Cross has taken its work. December, January and February are the hottest months; Christmas will probably be scorching; the sun shines in at the north windows, and the farther south you go the colder it grows; for you are south of the equator. Have Australia and South Africa and South America had to read all our best literature all these years with a commentary to make it intelligible!

The Portuguese days of the week suggest Old and New Testament instead of the heathenish origin of Anglo-Saxon names :

Monday.....	<i>Segunda Feira</i>	Second Market Day.
Tuesday	<i>Terça Feira</i>	Third Market Day.
Wednesday....	<i>Quarta Feira</i>	Fourth Market Day.
Thursday.....	<i>Quinta Feira</i>	Fifth Market Day.
Friday.....	<i>Sexta Feira</i>	Sixth Market Day.
Saturday	<i>Sabbado</i>	The Sabbath.
Sunday.....	<i>Domingo</i>	The Lord's Day.

You have made several friends among coffee, insurance, banking, exchange, diplomatic and missionary people, and have discovered mutual friends "at home"; so you have had visits and invitations to drive and to walk, and now have one for a breakfast at one o'clock on Sunday. Really just what would the Sabbath Observance Committee do here ? There is no English service till four in the afternoon, to be held in a hall over a grocery store by the missionary of the Methodist Church. A Frenchman comes to mind who mentioned with bewildered disgust the American plea for closing the Exposition on Sunday: "What

do they expect us to do, then! Sit on a bench in the park all day!"

The business men are all at home, glad to rest one day in seven from the three hours' journey to their Rio offices and the three hours back, besides their exciting markets. Through the week they have little chance for exercise, for the only train down the mountain leaves at seven in the morning, and one cannot reach home much before seven at night. The early coffee has thoroughly wakened and fortified the system against malaria. You see with what keen pleasure the various parties start off on horseback or a-wheel. They will ride until they are healthily tired and come back to be entertained in little groups at hospitable boards. What will you do? accept the invitation and join one of the groups? or stay in your own garden, and eat your own hotel breakfast?

In any case you attend the service in the hall, in company with thirty or forty others. Double this number in town are English or Americans. One of the Methodist school-

teachers plays the harmonium. Moody and Sankey hymns are sung. It is more nearly a piece of North America than anything you have seen since you left that beloved spot, but the setting is foreign, from the different wall-paper patterns to the very wide boards of very hard wood which compose the bare floor, and the foreign-looking houses you see through the window. Your missionary preacher has held a Portuguese service, attended by the poor, in the morning, and a collection keeps this English service self-supporting, so far as room-rent goes.

You must make another trip to Rio. This time your first objective point will be the Botanical Garden, with its magnificent alley of palms, its more beautiful alley of bamboos, old tamarind trees and other attractions. You will not be disappointed in the beauty, but you will be surprised to find yourself there almost alone. The "bond" has taken you through interesting streets, and quite a long distance on the edge of the bay. You have skirted hills built to the top and others too steep for that. You return

to the heart of town in time for a late breakfast, one o'clock, which you may have invited some friends to share at a capital restaurant on "the Ouvidor." You climb a long flight of stairs to a large, cool, pleasant room with many open windows. Every room by law must be at least fifteen feet high, whatever its floor dimensions, and public rooms are always frescoed with old-time panels and bunches of flowers.

What is the Ouvidor? A very narrow street, too narrow for vehicles, lined on both sides for seven or eight blocks with the best stores of Rio. It is also a meeting-place for politicians and newsmongers, gentlemen of leisure and fashion.

When I went to Rio first in 1884 it was not proper for a woman to go in the street without some man to take care of her. She certainly could not go to shop alone in the Ouvidor as she sometimes does now.

When Prof. Agassiz visited Brazil, "on the occasion of his first lectures delivered in the capital, he earnestly requested the emperor that ladies might be allowed to be

present,—a privilege till then denied them on grounds of etiquette. The request was granted, and the sacred domain of science for the first time was thrown open to the women of South America.”*

Now she is verily a new woman, being far less restricted. The sanitary conditions of the streets have been improved. The sights do not shock her ideas of propriety. Rio is fast becoming a city like any in Southern Europe, never forgetting its superior natural charms. Whoever would have thought that the probable presence of women on the streets of a town could work a revolution ! Even the negro porters and little children are now reasonably clad. I used to apostrophize the coffee-sack, ripped a little way at the bottom and a little way on each side to let a head and pair of arms through, as the only garment of the poor man, but now the coffee-sack serves only its original purpose. The curious tin trumpets projecting from the level of the second floors no longer, so far as I have seen, discharge the pails of

* *Reminiscences.* Julia Ward Howe.

water which were thrown on the floors and swept out through these convenient vents into the street. There are no longer bonds labeled "descalços," (barefooted) in which such were compelled to ride.

This time you must climb the mountains back of Rio for the night. Had ever an emperor such a park as Dom Pedro made of these mountains of Tijuca! Thirty miles of park road, swept every week, lighted by gas, winding in and out, up and down the precipitous slopes of mountains green to the top! And such green! the green of palms and tree ferns, of trees with orchids and sipos. Every few yards brings you to a distinctly new view: sometimes it includes the Atlantic, sometimes the Rio harbor, sometimes the distant city, more often a lovely valley, a waterfall, a height of rock all covered with ferns and mosses, and another stretch of your winding road with a railing of tall, graceful bamboos growing at some dangerous place. You are shown the spots which Agassiz specially studied and stay in the old hotel where he stayed. Why do people go to Petropolis



ALLEY OF PALMS, BOTANICAL GARDEN, RIO.

with this beautiful spot so much nearer? Because, in the summer-time, between December and April, yellow fever has been known to get a little lodgment even here; rarely, it is true, but the foreigner who knows his new home never takes any risks. He will not stay in Rio during fever-time after sundown. He will not go out in the early morning without his coffee. If he has the slightest intimation of fever he takes castor oil without a moment's delay. If he has taken the fever he goes at once to the hospital in Rio, not risking the change to the cool heights of Petropolis, lest he might not have strength to rally in the cold when the period of collapse comes. You say you would not live in a place where such a sword hung over your head, but they read New York and Chicago papers in July with records of hundreds of deaths from sunstroke while their temperature is hardly varying five degrees from seventy, and in February, when their fever is at its worst, they read the numbers of victims of pneumonia, grippe, diphtheria, and find the ills of life not so

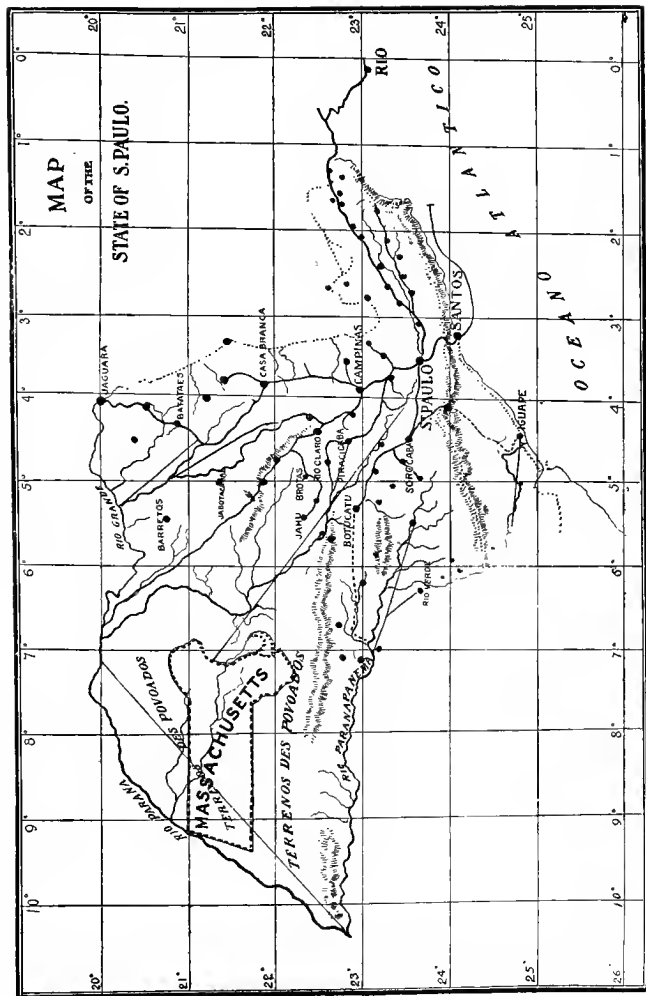
unevenly distributed after all. Men on salaries large enough to live in Petropolis need have little fear of yellow fever. But the missionaries in Rio, the secretaries of Y. M. C. A., Bible Society, etc., and the under-clerks of foreign establishments must have it once. How these men and women have nursed each other through the sharpness of the fever and the awful weakness afterwards! Do you wonder that friendships spring up under these circumstances between people who would hardly find their affinity at home?

Kipling voiced the spirit of such comradeship in a small community in a foreign land, when he wrote :

“ I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside
And the lives that ye lead were mine.

“ Was there aught that I did not share,
In vigil, or toil, or ease,
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas?

“ I have written the tale of our life,
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.”



STATE OF S. PAULO (MASSACHUSETT'S SHOWS RELATIVE SIZE).

SANTOS AND SOME BRAZILIANS.

THOUGH you are so comfortable and happy in Petrópolis with frequent excursions to Rio, you cannot leave Brazil without a trip to Santos and São Paulo. Perhaps you never heard of these places before you arrived, but now they are all-important. You recall "Santos" as a mark stuck in coffee-bags at your grocer's at home. Here you know it is the port which ships the greatest amount of coffee to Europe and North America of any in the world—millions and millions of dollars' worth. And São Paulo, a city of 200,000, is the capital of a great and wealthy state of the same name, lying up on the high table-land forty miles from Santos, its port.

You study the daily papers for a "*vapor*" (steamer) to take you these two hundred miles farther south, and find them due from

every port in Europe, freighters with cabins for a few passengers. It is a rather rough voyage, but after twenty hours you round the island which lies in front of Santos, making the Santos "river" a quiet harbor.

Every flag flies in that harbor, but how the seamen hate it on account of the awful scourge of yellow fever six years ago, when forty or fifty vessels were abandoned there for lack of living crews to take them out. The sanitary conditions are improved since then, and you may safely sleep on the sea-shore near by, and go into town during the day. The stone quays are now fine. The narrow streets are laden with the odor of green coffee. Barefooted Portuguese and negroes are the beasts of burden. They walk rapidly up a gang-plank with two coffee-bags, each weighing one hundred and thirty-two pounds, on the two shoulders and meeting over the head; then, with a quick motion, dump the bags into the ship's hold.

The bright-colored houses and the palms are like those you love in every Brazilian



RAILWAY STATION, SANTOS.

town. The women mostly sit in the windows, idle, ill-clad and untidy. The mountains climb abruptly behind the half-dozen streets. When you go to São Paulo you will climb those mountains by an English railway, starting from a good station.

By the station stands one of the oldest churches in Brazil, dating back perhaps to 1550, the Romish church of Saint Antonio. It contains a curious chapel, wainscoted high with blue and white tiles (Delft?) forming a panoramic picture. In the center of the chapel an image of Christ, with the heart exposed, has lines of rope running taut from the heart to the images of the saints grouped about him—"Will draw all men unto me." It is very realistic, very crude, really revolting, but very illustrative also.

The island which shuts Santos from the vast Atlantic, stretching down towards the South Pole, has on its ocean side a succession of beaches each a mile or more in length separated by rocky promontories. In the most spacious of these *praias* a Brazilian syndicate has built a "Brazilian Monte Carlo," called

Guaruja, consisting of hotel, cottages, a Catholic church with never a service in it, a theater, and a Casino where roulette was wont to be played every night and Sundays. If you stay at Santos you will find this spot safe from yellow fever, and your first twenty-four hours will convince you that you have found the climate of Paradise. You are at the edge of the south temperate zone. For weeks the temperature will not vary five degrees from seventy Fahr. day or night. The lines of nature are exquisite—the slopes of the hills, the curve of the smooth, hard, sandy beach. The air is soft to breathe.

The hotel is filled with large Brazilian families, some from the city of São Paulo, others from the great coffee plantations farther interior. They are typical wealthy Brazilians. Some have been sent by their doctors for sea-bathing. The number of baths is prescribed, and taken literally and seriously at six o'clock in the morning. Some have come for gaiety, relief from the monotony of life on a plantation. Some from São Paulo were “monarchists,” do not

like the new republic, go to Paris where the Brazilian Princess holds a little court, and bring back French clothes which may enable you to take to New York some fashions in advance from the remote suburb of Santos!

A good quartet plays for dancing in the hotel *sala* (parlor) every night, especially Sundays. The Casino is the next building, and a wail goes up because the state government, in what is considered an excess of virtue, has sent soldiers to prevent gambling there.

All the ladies speak French fluently and their piano-playing is brilliant. They use the time which we bestow upon "an all-round education" upon these accomplishments, and marry by the time they are sixteen. Some time they will go to Paris. Now they are over-run by their many little children, and usually look older than they really are.

You are puzzled to know who belongs to whom. The wife of Senhor de Couto is Dona Margarida. The mother of Senhor

Antonio Prado is Dona Veridiana. The wife of the nation's president, Campos Salles, is Dona Anna Gabriella. They might all be members of a royal family, or belong to the time of the patriarchs, so far as their use of names goes. When the narrow gauge train brings the papas at night to the front of the hotel there is pleasant excitement. The sons kiss the hands of their fathers respectfully. You will select the lawyers and doctors by the distinctive gem each wears in his ring, diamond or emerald. The barons are mostly owners of coffee plantations, and the many commissarios are the coffee factors who often advance much money "up country" to perfect and bring down the coffee to the port. You meet them all easily on the verandas or in the park which borders the beach.

The park itself deserves your interest; for the neighboring forests have yielded their palms, aloes and dragon's blood to beautify it, and the little summer houses are thatched with blossoming air-plants all pink and green.

Your strong, good coffee and fresh French

bread are brought to your bedroom at seven in the morning, and then, before the sun is unpleasantly strong, you have your walk on the beach after watching the little narrow gauge train start with the business men for Santos. At eleven you go to the dining-room for a four or five course breakfast. At four o'clock you will make your own tea on your spirit lamp and have some of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. (When the "biscuits" are eaten the box is just what you want to keep your kid gloves from mold and your gluey laces from being eaten by insects. I was not surprised to read of a British Bible Society making Bibles for Central Africa of a size and shape "to fit in biscuit boxes," that they may be preserved from the ravages of ants, these biscuits being for sale in all such climates.) At five the Brazilians begin to dine. You wait till six, but some are still in the dining-room. You wonder at the parents, who give wine out of their own bottles to babies not more than two or three years old; and at the seven-year-old who invites a half dozen of her own age to dine with her on

her birthday, and at the close of the meal has her health drunk in champagne by her mates with experienced clinking of glasses. You make a note of the little American boy five years old, lately arrived, who quickly learns the ways of the country. He asks his mother for a bag of marbles and some money. "What is the money for, my son?" "Why you can't play marbles here unless you play for money," says the wee man.

You watch the new arrivals and wonder what are the relationships in this big family—a father, two mothers, or aunts, or what? with those children. You soon appreciate the exalted place given to the godmother, and she it is who is neither aunt nor mother at that table—a law unto herself and them. Of course she is invited when the family comes to the seashore! I remember an Anglo-Brazilian gentleman once became very angry at this same hotel because he was not given a very good room, "and my *compadre* (associate father, god-father of the son) the President of this hotel company!"

You watch the keen, unprincipled-looking

boy just down from the great Jesuit school with whom the hotel manager is vexed "because he is such a little liar."

You greet your neighbor on the veranda with good-day in Portuguese; then she speaks more of the same tongue but you shake your head. "*Parlez-vous Français?*" but there again you are soon beyond your depth, and at length one is found who speaks "a little English." You have noticed this young woman before, a modest, bright, intelligent-looking girl, with an expression just a little different from all the others, evasive but of a more familiar type. "Where did you learn English?" you inquire. "At the Eschola Americana (American School), in São Paulo," she replies; and you tell her you are going to that city very soon and to visit that school. You have found a friend, though a shy one; Brazilian girls keep well in the background, and next day when a box of flowers, oranges and sugar-cane comes down from her father's fazenda, she brings you some camelias and tells you about the sugar-cane, though neither of you cares to

chew it. It is for children, and "children of a larger growth."

St. John's Day comes at the end of June. It is one of the greatest of the many Romish holidays or *festas*. The "American schools"* do not close for saints' days, indeed one is puzzled to think what other schools do with such constant interruptions and the overwhelming illiteracy is partially accounted for! They do close, however, for a ten days' vacation at St. John's Day, for it is midway from Christmas to Christmas and fits the school semesters. Dr. Lane, President of the "American schools" and college, and some of the teachers come down to Guaruja to rest, and you have many a quiet time to talk over their work with them, such as they could not well afford to give were they among their five hundred pupils. You enjoy seeing them meet old friends among these Brazilian families. You sit out on the veranda in the evening, while St. John is hon-

* "American Schools" were founded many years ago by a Presbyterian missionary and have maintained a high standard.

ored with fire-works (saints always have fire-works) and talk a little with the orphaned Scotch and Italian girls who have been brought to school and are being trained for teachers. They have all been under the weather. It has been forty-five degrees Fahrenheit up in São Paulo morning and evening for three weeks, a little too cold for a building with no heaters fiercer than little charcoal braziers, but the Brazilian children are accustomed to such winter temperatures, even though consumption has more victims than any other disease.

This is a holiday for business men as well as schools and the prevailing church.

A picnic to the bay of the second *praia* is arranged. The islands boasts two carriages and you charter them for the ladies and the luncheon. The gentlemen go on horseback. You arrive at a rocky coast with no beach, no means of reaching the water's edge. And there in sight of your picnic party are hundreds of huge turtles in the water ! The question is proposed, "How much does one of those turtles weigh ?" The inexperienced

guess wildly from ten to forty pounds. A knowing one says they will average from one to three hundred ! A French steamer is passing the island as you watch, and soon will round the lower end and make the Santos harbor, but she is well out from shore. You never see a little boat among those breakers. No one goes for turtles. If they were on our northern shores what would their lives be worth ! but here living is too indolent to spend ingenuity on capturing turtles.

I must give you some reminiscences of older Guaruja. The town was created just at the close of the Columbian Exposition. The President of the syndicate visited the United States and bought the buildings for Guaruja, all pine, ready to put together. It looked like a section of Coney Island and very novel in that land of red-tiled roofs and plastered sides. A narrow-gauge railroad across the island and an electric light plant proved the enterprise of the company. Only three of the many sleeping-rooms in the hotel were lighted by electricity, however. They



HOTEL AND PARK, GUARUJA.

were arranged *en suite* with a light in each, but only one switch, in the middle room, turned the three on and off. It was our drollest fun to tease the English couple who occupied one of the side rooms about the hour at which their neighbors sent them to bed. If there was a baby there they were plunged into darkness before nine. If there was a "quiet game" going on next door these poor victims must lie in a brilliant light until late. These two rooms lacked their own switches for more than a year to my knowledge.

Two words you easily learn with their depths (or lengths) of meaning are, *paciencia*, patience, and *amanha*, to-morrow (which means some other time, probably no other time).

If you wish to hear an uproarious laugh listen to any one familiar with Brazil hearing for the first time Kipling's :

" Now it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle
the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles and the Aryan smiles, and he
weareth the Christian down ;

And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with
the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear : ' A fool lies here who tried to
hustle the East.' "

Life in Santos—now at high pressure, then idle—now pitiless to one's neighbor, then tender as a brother—now mastering business knowledge of the ports and exchanges of the world as if such accuracy were all-important, then comes a whirl of speculation in exchange which seems to take all value out of special expert knowledge—life in Santos is evasive to one who would portray it faithfully. It seems difficult to express more than half the truth at one time. If one lives there a month the personal histories will all be familiar to him, and a like time on the Praça (Exchange) will acquaint him with the business characteristics of every firm. It is easy to learn things on the ground, to get a just and appreciative knowledge of excellencies and difficulties which is not readily transferrable. There are not only facts which can be stated, but a spirit of the place and people as necessary to know as the facts.

CONSULAR SERVICE AT SANTOS.

WHILE these reminiscences of our life in Santos and Guaruja in 1895 and '96 are uppermost, a figure comes to my mind which deserves your knowledge. It was still painfully near the horrible epoch of yellow fever developed by dredging for the new quays. That was why we all slept at Guaruja, the Barra, São Vicente, or São Paulo, even though daily coffee, banking or navigation business must be prosecuted in Santos. Such living was and is expensive, very.

At this time the United States saw fit to pay her consul in Santos \$1,600 a year, since raised to \$2,700, without allowance for office rent and expenses. The port cleared eight to ten millions of dollars' worth of coffee per annum for the United States, and a large import business was opening up.

The barest existence at Guaruja, or other healthful suburbs, for a single man, with daily transportation to Santos, cost \$1,500 in gold. But one man could be found to try the service of our government for this State, and he was an Alabama negro. He was presumably an immune from yellow fever. At any rate, his income necessitated his sleeping in his office in Santos, and when even such undignified economies left him short of funds, he borrowed of the American merchants. A U. S. cruiser anchored off shore. The U. S. Consul and American citizens were invited on board. Tide and conditions made it necessary for the "tars" to carry the guests ashore on their backs through water about waist deep. The lieutenant in charge prophesied too sure an accident to do other than advise the consul to wade ashore on his own feet.

This black man did the routine work of the office, earned more than he received, and left in debt. Merchants, as consular agents, have filled emergencies for the government. The lack of a living salary for a

good man as consul in a difficult but important port is the point I wish to make clear.

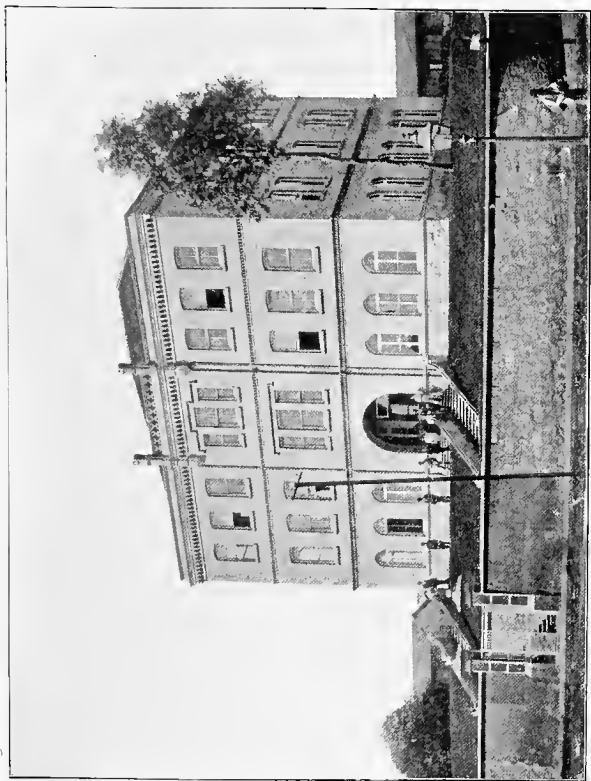
The British government rates this as a first-class consulate; salary, £1,500, nearly seventy-five hundred dollars. Offices for him in both Santos and São Paulo are maintained at government expense. Each year here counts for two in his required term of service, and at the end of the service his pension is based on the salary of the port. Of course he has been trained to the consular service.

The British Consul when we were in Guarujá had just come from ten years' service in Mediterranean ports, a gentleman of intelligence, elegance, refinement and courtesy. His regalia always adjusted to a nicety to the diplomatic requirements of the occasion, be it a wedding ceremony, a Queen's birthday dinner, a reception or a funeral, provoked smiles from the Americans. Even the flower in his buttonhole artistically harmonized or contrasted with the shade of velvet of his lapels and cuffs.

During his first year the worst of "the fever" was in the shipping. Sailors from British ships came to his office in all stages of it. With his own hands he steadied the tottering sick ones, sent them to the hospital, and knew of his own knowledge that they were being taken care of. When they died he collected their pay from the shipmasters and saw that their money and effects reached their relatives at home. He received while we were there a letter of thanks from an American mother, whose boy, a sailor on an English ship, had died in Santos. He had collected his pay and sent home his kit. The mother sent him money to erect a stone over her son's grave.

His systematic exercises were a daily swim in the ocean, followed by a three-mile walk on the beach in the early morning, and two miles more when the business day was done, thus maintaining his best health and vigor in tropical conditions.

The engineer and purser of a British Royal Mail steamer came out to Guaruja while their ship lay in port. Neither could



MACKENZIE COLLEGE.

swim, but both went for baths in the sea. The current caught one who was drowning, and the consul rescued him in a seething surf after a struggle to the point of exhaustion. Reaching the shore, he discovered the other, a very heavy man, was being carried rapidly out to sea. He swam after him, but found him dead from sudden apoplexy, and brought his body ashore. He received a medal from the Royal Humane Society of England for his action.

These were contemporary consuls at Santos and for the great and rich State of Sao Paulo.

The American Manufacturers' Excursion to Brazil and the Argentine took place that year for the purpose of promoting trade. Governments fêted them. Papers and magazines chronicled their movements. Only the very sad death of one of their number prevented their completing their plan of coming to the important port of Santos and being received by the representative from Alabama.

To the most of the American merchants

their consul was "that —— nigger." To the British Consul he was always the representative of the U. S., and an individual in a trying and poverty-stricken position, and treated with corresponding courtesy and sympathy.

En route to Brazil we saw posted in the Oxford, England, post-office, a notice warning all emigrants against going to Brazil until they had consulted the Home Office.

A few months later we saw a steamer crowded with emigrants from Canada enter the Santos harbor. The State of Sao Paulo had sent out a statement of the need of agriculturalists. Misunderstanding of needs and conditions had brought about five hundred poor Canadians to this "Land of Warmth and Sunshine," knowing nothing of agriculture, half-skilled in some trades, or well-skilled in trades useless in Brazil. The State fed them in barracks for a while, tried them on interior plantations, returned them to the barracks, tried to obtain other employment, but mostly to no avail. They sickened. Their feet festered with jiggers.

They could not speak Portuguese. They were helpless. The British Consul had to send them home by twos, threes, tens, and scores, on tramp steamers, sailing-vessels—any way that they could work their passage or that he could secure the money to pay the passage of the women and children.

A letter from an American in São Paulo, dated July 6th, 1900, says :

“What does our government mean by sending out an Italian Priest as Consul to Santos? If he were only a priest who had practically withdrawn from active functions, it would not be so bad ; but this one makes it his first duty to visit the newspapers and declare that he will not allow the duties of the consulate to interfere with his higher ecclesiastical functions, and, as proof of this, he left the duties of the office yesterday and came up to say a 30th day Mass for the soul of a person connected with the *Diario Popular*, and had it advertised far and near.”

THE CITY OF SÃO PAULO.

THERE is one train up from Santos to Sao Paulo at dawn and one after business hours. A coffee merchant has extended the courtesy of the club-car which daily brings and returns the bankers and merchants of this busy but sickly port. Half the men in this car are Brazilian, some of pure Portuguese descent, others with strains of African or Indian blood; the remainder are German, English and American. The journey takes two hours and a half, so they proceed to play poker, with a few exceptions, who prefer chess or cribbage, or have a big "home mail." They are all too accustomed to these beautiful mountains to look out of the windows as you do, except to count coffee cars and estimate to-morrow's receipts. You see many air-plants lodged among the trees with spikes of pink blossoms, which look

like hyacinths at a little distance. Close by you would think the hyacinth much prettier and like its fragrance better. The tropical forest is an impenetrable thicket. You see the face of it only. A car going up the mountain must be attached to a cable weighted at the other end by a balancing car going down the parallel track. In this way passengers and thousands of carloads of coffee are transported by three successive, long, steep inclines. At the top you wait until all the cars of your train are cabled up; the train is joined and starts for São Paulo, over level, open country.

Judging from the din of porters and carriages at the station, São Paulo is very much alive. The hotel is in the midst of stores. You are taken to a suite of two huge rooms and asked a great price. You had said you wanted one room. Argument ensues. The rooms belong together. You affirm that you will have but one. There is no access to the farther room but through yours; would you afflict the hotel? You persist in taking the one, and at night hear voices in

the other and know the owners found their resting-place by some other door than yours. That was only a white lie. That's nothing!

After dinner you rest in an Austrian bentwood chair (the universally prized furniture, with no upholstery for insects and dampness, nor joints which come unglued), and read your lesson; for in traveling one reads all the available literature about the place one is visiting. It is little in English you have found about the city of São Paulo. You know it is now the educational center of all Brazil: that it is more than three hundred years old, with 200,000 people; that it has furnished two Presidents for the new republic, and many statesmen; that it has a charming mingling of tropical and temperate climates: that England, France and Germany have the import business rather than the United States.

Coming down on the steamer you became deeply interested in all you heard of it. A nobleman, who shared his Emperor's banishment ten years ago when the republic began, was making a brief visit to his old home.

One day he said very sadly to some American people of Brazilian experience: "What do you think of my country since the republic?" The gentlemen replied: "It has improved in many ways." The Count said: "You are republicans, of course; yet is not my country very different from yours?" "Yes, *because there has been no education of the common people, and they have not been accustomed to self-control.*" Then an outline of what American missionary schools are trying to do for all grades, "gentle and simple," in this city, was given, to his great surprise.*

Here are items you find in your reading:

"Less than thirty years ago it was common for men to lock their wives and daughters securely in the upper story when they went to business, or if absent for any length of time to deliver them to a convent for safe-keeping. No respectable woman could go alone on the streets of any of the large towns.

"The story of Puerto Rico, the Philip-

* See Appendix.

pires and Cuba is the story of Brazil and all countries where Rome has held undisturbed sway. In the seventeen and one-half millions of Roman Catholic Brazilians there is 82 per cent. of illiteracy and an enormous per cent. of illegitimacy and crime.

“The first missionaries of the Presbyterian Board landed in Brazil in 1860. Every avenue to knowledge was held by the State Church and the Jesuits had control. Private schools were subject to priestly inspection. Protestantism was fiercely opposed by State, Church and people. Men who dared to preach the Gospel publicly, risked their lives.”

In 1885, their schools had been opened fifteen years. “Under the influence of Protestantism, or at any rate coincident with the growth of Presbyterian schools and churches in Brazil, new and more liberal educational laws were enacted. Influences were at work in society which in the near future were to abolish slavery, overthrow monarchy, set up a government of the people and separate Church from State.”

In 1889 "Mackenzie College" was begun. In 1890 their record stands: "A boys' boarding school, a girls' boarding school, and a day school in the rua São João, with thirteen rooms for teaching purposes—a normal department with four rooms, all full to overflowing—an enrolment of four hundred and forty-seven pupils in all grades from kindergarten to high school. Eighteen primary schools in different parts of the field with an efficient corps of native teachers, and a self-supporting manual training school."

The report up to date (1900) is: "The enrolment for the year was 546, with a very high average attendance. There were 339 Brazilians, 48 Germans, 38 Italians, 18 Americans, 14 French, 12 English and 17 of other nationalities. Roman Catholics, 427; Protestants, 117; Israelites, 2. This completes the twenty-ninth year of the school and the tenth year of the college." A footnote explains that the numbers have not grown the last few years because there is not an inch more room to put a pupil in.

The Rev. Geo. W. Chamberlain was the

founder of these schools. At the beginning boys and girls had not been accustomed to meet each other with any freedom. Evil was very evil and very universal. A Brazilian General of high rank, and the last Governor of the province of São Paulo under Emperor Dom Pedro, General Couto Magelhaes (Magellan, a descendant of the old explorer), later became Mr. Chamberlain's friend, and begged for more American teachers and a larger school for *co-education* ! ! as he had now seen it developed. Indeed he said, "The only hope of Brazil lies in such co-educational schools." Query. Did Prof. Agassiz plant the germ of this thought when they went up the Amazon together ?

Next day you take a carriage and try to get a general sense of the town. You have heard the State of São Paulo called the "New England of Brazil." But if you call the city of São Paulo the Boston, the difference is most apparent. The narrow, crooked streets are similar, but the buildings are like those in all Spanish and Portuguese towns.

As you go down the poorer streets,

one word comes to you at every turn of your eye, "unclean"—the children, the grown-ups, the houses, the streets, even the emblem of the Holy Spirit which an appointed solicitor of his parish church carries while he begs funds for the celebration of the annual holiday of this member of the Trinity. When I saw one of these I mistook it at a little distance for a pole with a cast-off bonnet on top—a cluster of dilapidated artificial flowers and a bird. Investigation proved the latter a dove!

While many streets are lined with one-story hovels, there are many broad and quite well-paved thoroughfares, and you see these with pleasure. Solid walls higher than your head shut most of the pretty gardens from view, but you get glimpses of comfortable one and two-story houses, the bright colors soft and pleasing. Now and then the Portuguese style is supplanted by the French mansard, and you may guess the owner has been to Paris. Indeed, if he travels far in any direction, he must go on horseback, or on the Atlantic.

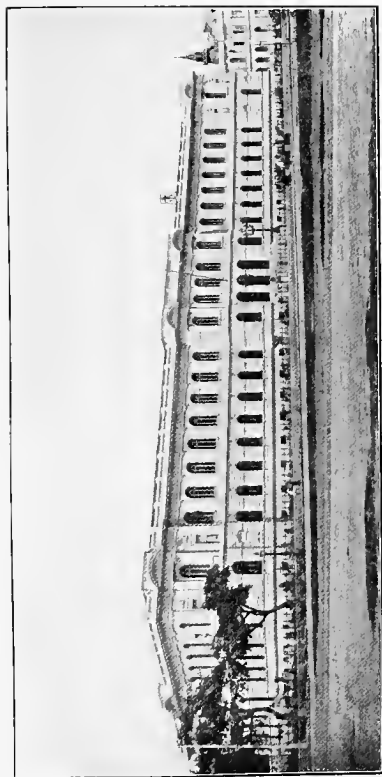
Gas, electric lights, street-car lines, sewers, public buildings, and parks, all add to the comfort of living in this old metropolis.

You drive through the finest part of town on your way to the Avenida (Boulevard) and to see the modern reservoir with fine water-works, and isolating hospital, just built by an ambitious government. On the slope of the ridge up which you drive, you see for a long distance a plain, square, substantial three-story, buff brick structure. "What is that?" "Mackenzie College." In this city of ornate architecture and brilliant coloring this solid plainness is nearly droll. But it is just so much more noticeable. Everybody knows Mackenzie College. The low, insufficient dormitory, house for little boys, manual training shop and President's dwelling dot the campus, not a foot of which can be spared to be sold if only they can get money to build a dormitory. Descending to the town again you pass the new Government Normal School building and go to see the teachers at the São João school. Plain brick again. Heavy wall

around the grounds. What a bee-hive inside! You go through one full school-room after another with Miss Scott. The children are so well disciplined they scarcely notice you. The faces are pretty and bright. What surprises you most are the exquisite writing of the young Brazilian teachers on the black-boards, the order and attention in every room whether governed by American teachers or Brazilian who have been trained here, the devotion of the wee new scholars to Miss Baxter and the perfect cleanliness, system and good food which Miss Munson secures. Surely Dr. Lane and Miss Scott, who guide this combination day and girls' boarding-school, ought to be happy, thankful and proud, and the men and women in the U. S. whose gifts have made this school a possibility ought to be grateful also. The children come from families of the rich and the poor, of title and missionaries, of many nationalities, and differing religious belief. But the mental and moral discipline has challenged the attention of the Government to such an extent that it has been building

several remarkable buildings for schools, and teachers trained in this "American School" have been invited to assist in developing the work in them. Many are the tales you will be told, while you stay, of a Boston school-ma'am who was lent by the American school to inaugurate the first years of work in the new Government Normal School. The question of Bible and religion in the Government schools is the same in São Paulo and Chicago, but the other religious opportunities and influences are not the same. If any education of our Protestant type is given to Brazilian youth (not sectarian, but Protestant) it cannot be left to Brazilian fostering. Infidelity, spiritualism, and materialism abound.

When Sunday comes you can choose between three Protestant services, two Presbyterian and one Methodist, all in Portuguese, or the Church of England service in English. Perhaps you prefer to go early to mass. There is ample opportunity for that, and then the day would be a free holiday, so says the majority in the city.



GOVERNMENT NORMAL SCHOOL, SÃO PAULO.

You may go to the Catholic cemetery on high ground, commanding a fine view of the city. In the thick wall surrounding it are receiving cells for coffins, which can be rented for varying lengths of time. It is a reproduction of such a place in Spain, the West Indies or New Orleans, including the durable wreaths of flowers made of metal, of bisque or of beads, often also photographs under glass. Women never go to a funeral. The hearses and coffins are of brilliant colors, purple, or scarlet, or yellow, and gold.

You must watch the people come and go at the hotel and amuse yourself again with their trunks. Here is a complete set of French ones—real Louis Vuittons made for every sort of contents, even one for the huge tin wash-pan which will be used for my lady's clothes. How long since you had seen a real old-time "hair-trunk," i. e., a trunk covered with calf-skin with its hair on! Here they are, studded with brass nails, initials and all! But the tin trunks were the drollest, till you finally bought one yourself and found how well it kept out dampness. The tin ones

are all sizes and all colors—decorated. Yours is a nice bright blue, with red roses painted in a stiff bunch on top.

You are rapidly learning the value of sunshine in damp climates. You hang out your clothing and shoes at least once a week in the hot sun until the particles of mold are entirely dry, so they will not be pasty, then brush them thoroughly. Your gloves you buy, without metal buttons, which discolor, only a few at a time, and keep them with lumps of dry ammonia in a tight glass jar or tin biscuit box. You do not trim your dresses with steel. That would rust. When you buy a new hat-pin it has a gilt or brass, not a steel, pin. You keep an eye to your needles and scissors.

A few insects will give you something to talk about when you reach home, but they are not much more troublesome than home-pests.

The flea (*pulga*) takes the place of mosquitoes. He does not keep you awake with singing, and if you compel careful cleaning of your rooms and do not cherish vagabond

dogs you will not find him a serious trial after the first fortnight or so. I do not know whether it was a truth spoken in jest or how to characterize the assertion of an old resident who said that his own home fleas never bit him. It was only in other people's houses that he suffered. One does at least seem to grow bite-proof.

A borachuda bite is more rare but more interesting. He looks like a feeble baby fly. He bites your hand in the shadow, on the sly, and the spot indurates besides inflaming, and lasts longer than the other sorts of bite, but is not serious.

The barata is like a huge cockroach. He loves leather, shoes, traveling bags, passepartouts, book-bindings. Starch and glue are also acceptable articles of diet to him. With strict housekeeping he is banished. You see how convenient a tin trunk will be if you really travel in all sorts of places, to protect a few of your valuables, now and then.

Now you know the worst there is to know, unless it may be the early puzzles of an

American housekeeper here. First as to ice. You can get some if you will, but most people do not. It is considered most unwholesome to drink ice-water. I cannot myself see the superiority of an evaporating water-jar of porous terra cotta, for it has a slender neck and could only be rinsed, never washed and absolutely cleansed, I should think. I admit the chill of the ice-water may be bad in yellow-fever regions. Most people and most shops have no refrigerators. Meat is eaten the day it is killed, and is called *carne verde*, green meat. This is the tempting label on butchers' carts. I remember going to dine with a lady who was a fine housekeeper. The turkey was as tender as one from Rhode Island or Philadelphia. I asked the secret. She said that before it was killed that morning she had fed it whisky until it staggered.

Every house of pretension has its "dispense," or locked closet, from which the housekeeper every morning counts out or weighs out exactly what is to be used by the cook for the meals of the day.

The cook usually goes to market, being able to beat down the prices to the proper point with better grace than the presiding genius of the house. Besides he or she can bring home the purchases in a basket, and there is no further doubt as to whether the article purchased is the one delivered. The great markets are worth a visit. You will go at least to the chief one, in the heart of town, in a great, light market-building which would be a credit anywhere.

You visit an English bride who came with her new husband on your steamer, and is to live in São Paulo. Her wedding presents have been delayed in the custom house, and are but just received after paying duties the equal of \$400, in American money! It was only the usual collection of gifts to the average bride, but the duties are excessive on silverware and on any bric-à-brac or furniture having gilt mountings. Fabrics and even rugs are dutiable by weight. You have lifted an Oriental rug. She had one. She also had, unfortunately, a whole "bolt

of American muslin"—too close-woven and heavy for Brazilian customs. She is trying to decide whether her *sala* shall be altogether British or partly Brazilian in arrangement. An afternoon tea-table will seem like home to her. She settles upon bentwood furniture, cane-seated of course, and arranges sofa and chairs with elastic reference to Brazilian custom. The sofa occupies a prominent place, two mate arm-chairs face each other at right angles to the sofa, making three sides of a conversational square, nicely accommodating four persons. The genuine Brazilian would go on adding to the two chairs at least two more on either side of the sofa. His guest would take the chair farthest from the sofa while waiting for the host, and a seat on the sofa at the end of the aisle of chairs would be the high honor which could be extended by the host when he comes in.

She has an oil-stove, too, which is an occasional comfort in the cool evening or on a rainy day when even an umbrella will not dry.

Her handsome mahogany furniture is a comparative trial here, for the Brazilians have a cheaper hard wood of the same color from which many ordinary articles are made, and some other would have been far more elegant, black walnut for instance!

You are by this time entirely accustomed to the universal toothpick, smoothly made of orangewood, really a perfection of a toothpick; for every Brazilian has used one at intervals throughout every meal on the steamer and at hotels since you left Lisbon; also to the universal cigarette, welcome in dining-room and salon. You also find that they hold American dentists in high esteem, and there are several good ones in Petropolis, Rio and São Paulo.

Walking down the street men lift their hats as they pass each Romish church. Every sort of package is carried on porters' heads, and the colored porters often fall into a rhythmical walk or trot as peculiar to them as the flourish of a black waiter in a restaurant in America.

A pleasant invitation comes to you to at-

tend the English cricket match, a gay affair, with plenty to eat—and drink.

I remember while I was in São Paulo one cool July day talking over the news of the last package of New York *Heralds* (the paper, or its Paris edition, taken largely by American exiles in Brazil), with an Anglo-Brazilian friend. We had been discussing the unwholesomeness of ice. I showed her the subscription list to the “*Herald Ice Fund for the Poor of New York City!*” She could only think it \$10,000 misplaced! So true is it that one needs really to live in a given climate or place to really appreciate its requirements.

Frequently, evenings, there is a blaze of fireworks for saints you do not know. One day you are invited to go with a party to the “Penha,” one of the Madonna festivals, perhaps the greatest one here. It is celebrated a little distance from town, with scores of roulette wheels, and the people save their earnings for some time to gamble there to their hearts’ content.

When I was in São Paulo a General Con-

ference of Methodist missionaries convened. The men had come from long distances, several of them remote from railroad or seaboard. I went to their farewell meeting. It was held in a plain, whitewashed room. We were seated on long benches. There was little modern style about the garments or evidence of high living in the cheeks or eyes. Bishop Granbery presided with gentle dignity. Dr. Morrison made the address. He began by quoting the text, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." Looking about with a quiet, half-sarcastic smile, he said: "Brethren, I do not think any one will accuse any one here of laying up treasures on earth. Let us talk about treasures in heaven. Any of you who has found a poor, ignorant, debased soul here, and has patiently put his own life beside that life, and taught and developed and strengthened that life by God's help so that it is purer, holier, more Christlike, will find

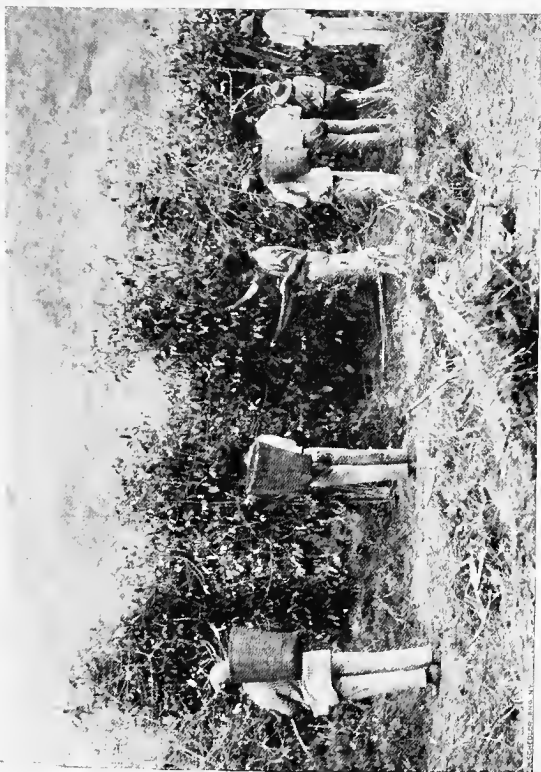
some treasure laid up in heaven. It will be the difference between that soul as he found it and what it becomes." I have had many occasions to recall that bit of sermon in my knowledge of American missionaries and their helpful work in Brazil, and so, I believe, will you.

It will always be a pleasure to remember the hospitality of both merchants and missionaries. Before leaving São Paulo, you must accept the offer of Dr. Lane, President of Mackenzie College, to go through not only his own preparatory classes and college, where you will find the first working laboratory for chemistry in a Brazilian school and the first manual training school, as well as plenty of classic Portuguese, Latin, and other things, but go through the Government schools as well, where he is always an honored guest. Then go to Cantareira with Prof. Orville A. Derby, the eminent Government geologist, and the young professors of the college. It is an easy day's excursion to the source of the water supply for the city. A train of open cars takes you through old

gardens of roses, and out to the mountain streams, enclosed by first-rate engineering, and filtered and reservoired amid gardens and masonry most attractive. You can study a coffee-tree (or bush) of your own height, with shiny green leaves and bright red cherries, the pits of which are two coffee-beans lying with their flat sides together, and recall the enthusiastic description of a man who has just returned from a trip to a great coffee plantation in the interior.

“As one rides on horseback between the rows of coffee-trees his head is hardly visible above them. Call to mind the hedgerows of England, stretch them in straight, long lines with just room between for the pickers. A space twenty-five feet wide between every hundred rows is a road for carts, but there are no cross streets. Starting from the edge of the fazenda (plantation) quite rapid riding for two hours brings one to the center view from a dome-shaped hill. In all directions as far as the eye can see there is nothing but coffee trees. The only visible ground is the deep red earth of the streets

separating each hundred rows. It is a rolling prairie of living green, on a colossal scale. Two months earlier the blossoms covered it 'like a white sheet.' A little later this green will be brilliant with red cherries, the branches heavily weighted down by the fruit. This fazenda has 1,600,000 bearing coffee trees. The next has nearly 4,000,000 trees and is the largest in the world. Now I understand how this State produces more coffee even in a bad year than all the rest of the world outside of Brazil combined. Its possibilities in a good year are nearly double the crops other than those of Brazil. The quality is altogether finer than that known in the United States as Rio. This is what has brought English and German capital, increased the population of the city of São Paulo to 200,000 from 60,000 in 1884, and made the commerce of Santos what it is. Italians and Germans both work on these plantations and the one I have just described, which I have just visited, has fifteen hundred people living on the fazenda and constantly employed. The



COFFEE PICKING.

larger plantation, 'the Fazenda Dumont,' had a railroad of some twenty miles for use on the plantation, and its connecting line running through the 'Fazenda Schmidt,' was used by Mr. Schmidt, my hospitable host, for shipping his coffee to the trunk line and so on down to Santos."

HOMeward BOUND.

It is October. You choose to leave here before it grows too warm. The young spring buds are already adding their delicate green to the darker old foliage.

Rio is reached by rail in fourteen hours. You would like to go home in one of the great New Zealand steamers which makes the round trip from London to London in ninety days, and which always carries charming passengers for the whole voyage by Suez, New Zealand, Straits of Magellan, Rio de Janeiro, Madeira, London. Everybody here knows what variety is provided by this journey, not only of interesting sights in port, but of amusement of every description at sea. They also know when one of these steamers has arrived by the unwonted varieties of game, vegetables, and well-hung beef and mutton in the markets.

No. You decide to go directly to New York, for you have come by way of England, so sail on the "Wordsworth." Even she is English and there is no longer an American Line. You will touch at Bahia, Pernambuco, and St. Lucia, one of the West Indies, and see New York harbor in twenty-four days from Rio.

Bahia you saw hurriedly on the way down, but it looks even more attractive as you approach it the second time. It is invested with some added interest, also, since learning that the court came here from Portugal for shelter in Napoleonic times; and that this city has always been the center of Jesuitical influence.

The Bahian blacks, a finer race of negroes than you have ever seen, and said to have been Mohammedans, make a very strong impression now. They are physically superb. The low-necked, short-sleeved linen garment worn by the women is frequently beautified with "drawn-work." The great strings of gold beads around their necks are their substitute for a bank account, for banks are

not a convenience to a people who cannot read.

The Bahian oranges are like the finest Floridas, and far superior to any others you have had. Bananas are everywhere the food of the poor, and not better than are for sale at home, and other tropical fruits have been a disappointment.

At Pernambuco you find you own the wonderful reef, and the pine-apples, and the catamarans ; for have you not seen them before, and do they not now prove themselves old friends and permanent possessions !

The next many days are a repetition of your former oceanic, tropical temperatures, with far fewer passengers, and less ceremony, perhaps. The sea, however, seems trying to compensate you for other lacks by furnishing interesting creatures for you to watch. There are numberless flying fish, frightened from the water by your ship, and the delicate, little, pink "Portuguese men-of-war," as the sailors call them, go dancing by on the surface of the water in tantalizing



COFFEE WASHING.

beauty. Do not be sorry that you cannot get one, for, trailing from that shining pink bladder, there are processes which sting like nettles.

For a few days you seem almost to be crossing a wheat-field as you take a long look across the water yellow with gulf-weed which has been thrown off by the gulf stream and floats at rest on this quiet sea. Take a fish line and catch some pretty branches, look at the little fruit which grows upon them and gives the name, grapes, to the sea. It is called by its Spanish form the Sargasso Sea.

St. Lucia pleases you to see for several reasons. You like a day in port. You like to know what this one of the West Indies is like. You enjoy the negroes diving under the ship for coins you throw in the water as you did before at St. Vincent, and, on the whole, though you have had a rarely charming summer, you are glad to cable that you are well and leaving your last port before your arrival home.

The cool October days of the North

Atlantic demand again the rugs and warmer wraps which have been needed now and then since the journey was begun. As the fresh air blows in your face you are delighted to find yourself so rested and so easily challenged to an expenditure of energy.

But there are other passengers whose residence in Brazil numbers years of work instead of weeks of pleasure. They have found themselves unable to conquer some attack of disease without the bracing and stimulating aid of a more rigorous climate. They are longing for cold and snow. The Brazilian air which has relaxed and rested you has become enervating to them. Foreign merchants and Bank managers expect six months' furlough once in three years. Missionaries get a year's recruiting once in eight years. Anxious relatives were notified before these workers left Brazil that the wrecks were going home. Who would believe that twenty-four days of sea-voyage could make such different looking beings of these invalids! The prospect of home and old familiar scenes and foods seems happiness

enough to put new life into anyone, one thinks, in watching these returning exiles.

Familiar faces are waiting on the dock.
Good-by. *Ate logo.*

APPENDIX.

AN AMERICAN SYSTEM OF SCHOOLS IN BRAZIL.

NEARLY thirty years ago an attempt was made to adapt the American system of schools to Brazil, South America, where social conditions and political aspirations are somewhat analogous to our own, and we set about to find out what the American system really was. We sought it in the official courses, which usually cover the whole domain of knowledge; in the voluminous reports of Superintendents, reeking with erudition and statistics; in the schools and colleges of the different States, which we visited and studied, and in the great educational conventions. We found such a lack of uniformity of thought, of organization, and even of purpose and principles, as to leave us in doubt as to whether

we had as yet a distinctively American system. In some places there was genuine education, in others they were simply drilling for examination, and not a whit better than the Chinese. We made an extended tour of European institutions for a comparative study, and found many special processes and devices that could be engrafted, and singularly enough, that some of the German methods had their best development in the United States, but no complete system that could be profitably taken over *en bloc*. The great problem of how best to influence the heterogeneous masses which flock to the shores of both Americas and make them into good citizens is not touched by the European systems. The problem is not exactly how to teach this or that special branch, but how to co-ordinate the work and relate all branches to the rapidly changing conditions of American society. The problem is the same in both Americas.

We found it difficult to follow the vertiginous activity of American educators along all lines or to wade through the voluminous

literature which accompanies it, brought from the ends of the earth ; but, believing that there was a truly American system in process of development, we tried to catch the trend of thought and anticipate the results. Entirely free, unhampered by politics or precedent ; with no fads or need of seeking favor of governments or patrons, but at liberty to select what was best from all sources, it will be readily conceded that we had a decided advantage over the educational reformer of our own country.

The following, in brief outline, has been in operation for the fourteen years in the American schools at S. Paulo, Brazil, as a result of our study, and has been eminently satisfactory.

1. A primary school of five years, with a minimum of 100 school days of five hours each per annum, for the ungraded country schools, and 210 (a full school year) for the graded city schools. This course embraces Reading, Writing and the four operations of Arithmetic. Arithmetic is made the test of advancement, but great attention is also

paid to Expression and Language, and, very early, small vocabularies of the *two modern languages*, that are to be studied systematically later, are introduced by the "natural method" (French and English by French and English teachers), with pleasure and profit to the pupils; thus in the very beginning of school life the habit of comparing modes of expression is cultivated, which later will be applied to processes. Through Geography the study of nature is begun and our relations to the world in which we live are studied; through Manual training, and the drawing preliminary to it, *things* and their relations are studied and the child is taught to *do* and *see* as well as to think. This is that part of education which society, for its own safety, *must demand* for every girl and boy in the land. It is all that can be given to the masses, the very poor, the wage-earner's children, who must go to work early in life. Very bright pupils, with intellectual surroundings, may complete this course easily in four years, as many have done far better than others in five.

2. A Secondary course of six years divided into two periods of three years each. This is an expansion of the primary, extending mathematics to meet all requirements of practical life; cultivating carefully the mother tongue, giving some notions of the two modern languages; thorough training in Brazilian Geography and History, with outlines of General History and Geography; Manual training and mechanical drawing, etc. This first section embraces that part of an education essential to GOOD citizenship, within reach of all, but not compulsory—a short Grammar school course. The second section is a preparation for College, without, however, special reference to a college course. In it the two modern languages are finished; Algebra and Geometry are studied, Latin begun, etc., going about a year further than the average High-school course of the United States. This completes the common school system and prepares the pupil for the highest duties of citizenship.

The bright pupil who has finished the primary course in four years may complete



COFFEE DRYING

this in five. This has been frequently done, and is the rule for those preparing for College.

The student who does this is ready for College at fifteen.

We believe the tendency of American education is to return somewhat to the *Humanities*, enrich the secondary school with studies heretofore included in the advanced courses, and thus shorten the College course. This is the language period of life, and fourteen years' experience has shown us that the two modern languages can be easily carried parallel to the mother tongue, with benefit to the pupil. It furnishes excellent mental discipline and has the advantage of awakening the habit of comparison earlier. There is a slight sacrifice of the mathematical or scientific side, which is pushed into the next division where it logically belongs.

The first division in this system aims to reach the great mass of society and force it up to the level of *safe* and intelligent citizenship. The second reaches after the great middle class and purposes to fit its members

for the highest duties of citizenship, as well as equip them for trade, manufactures and all legitimate activities, at public expense. It gives a sufficient amount of formulated knowledge and mental training to enable them to continue their studies independently through the opportunities afforded by the Press, public libraries and lectures.

The next step embraces three years of a *culture* course for that comparatively small class who desire to take a profession, or wish a *liberal education* in literature, art and sciences, as a stepping-stone to still more advanced studies. Entrance to this class ought to be guarded by severe tests in order to exclude the weak-brained who want a degree simply as an ornament and because they can pay for it. The brainy, poor young man can always find means. This is the College, reduced to three years. It lies between the public school system and the specialized University courses,—not absolutely necessary but highly advisable. It is where the student is thrown into the larger current of independent action and takes on the

responsibilities as well as the privileges of manhood, either to prepare for entrance into the higher spheres of active life or to enter upon other studies.

This gives a minimum of school life, at public expense, of four years and a maximum of eleven years.

Education will, therefore, be finished at these ages: The large class of children of the very poor, at ten or eleven years. Another class will go out at the end of the first period of the secondary (the old Grammar course) and enter society fairly well equipped for the ordinary pursuits of life at twelve or thirteen. The second class completes school life, at the end of the public school course, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, well educated; a still smaller class completes the liberal College course at seventeen or eighteen, while the winnowing of all classes produces the comparatively small group of scholars and professionals who are able to enter life fully equipped, with such knowledge as can be obtained from books, at twenty-one to twenty-two. The student

who skips the College and short-circuits from the High School to the University may graduate from his professional course with honor at nineteen or twenty, but will always lack that something that enables the man with the wider culture and discipline to win in the race of life.

The points in which the foregoing differs from the plan commonly adopted in United States are: the introduction of two modern languages at the language period of life, for their own value, to improve the study of the mother tongue and to develop earlier the comparative process as mental discipline; the shortening of the College course to three years and reducing school life by at least two and possibly three years, leaving some of the enthusiasm of youth for the first years of independent self-supporting life, also shortening the period of parental support.

No attempt is made here to indicate the exact organization of the various courses; the purpose and logical distribution is what is sought to show. We have been able to

see the finished product of the system and feel sure it is an improvement upon the old plan. This is the system of schools known as "Mackenzie College" and the "Eschola Americana" at S. Paulo, Brazil, and is intended to serve, in a modest way, as a model of American education for Brazil.—*Dr. H. M. Lane, in The Brazilian Bulletin.*

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS.

THERE is much vague talk about religious teaching, its relation to other branches, the time that can be given to it, its character, etc.

In order to show what we think about it, we venture to give extracts from our last annual circular to the teachers of the American schools at S. Paulo on the subject.

General considerations to which the attention of young teachers is called :

1.—The opening of school is not a religious ceremony, but a *devotional* exercise. If arranged with skill it may be made so attractive to children that none will want to miss it (thus tardiness may be diminished) ; if it holds attention, it cannot fail to teach the lesson.

2.—We may easily overestimate the value of perfunctory religious exercises, as we may also overestimate the capacity of children to understand formulated religious truth. The child's perceptions are duller in this than in other branches of knowledge, where his senses are engaged, hence the necessity of grading it more carefully and watching its effects more closely.

3.—Schools are not chiefly, nor primarily, to teach religion, i. e., to instruct in creeds. Considered in its relation to courses of study, religious instruction is a *means* for the development of character and for giving a sure foundation for moral training; but, in its relation to the pupil, it is an absolute *end*; giving to him, as he can comprehend it, the saving truths of Christianity.

The first is directly related to courses of study and from it definite results may be expected; the other depends upon the subtle and immeasurable spiritual power of the Christian teacher, and no definite results can be demanded. The first has a recognizable, educational value and its correlates are

easily found ; the other has no appreciable relation to hours of recitation or quantity of matter and cannot enter into any plan of correlation of studies. It touches all studies and permeates all methods, the greatest result often coming from the least matter ; its educational value, therefore, cannot be measured.

4.—We may not safely assume that the child has received from parents or church proper religious instruction, but we may suppose, in nominally Christian lands, that it has some ideas, however vague and erroneous, of God. It is the duty of the teacher to adjust these ideas to the truth, and so relate them to the child that he may *feel sure* that *there is a God*,—though he cannot see Him,—Who is All-wise, All-seeing, All-powerful : who is everywhere and who loves him, the child, personally ; that God is his Heavenly Father ; that the Bible is God's Word, sent to him, the child, and to everybody else ; that God sent His Son to save the world ; that Christ is God and God is Christ ; that God made everything,—even we ourselves

are the work of His hand. These are fundamentals, and must precede all other instruction. The clearness with which the children perceive these truths will depend largely upon the skill and spiritual power of the teacher.

5.—The teacher should carefully avoid lecturing little children on religious subjects. Do not let the idea that the Bible is a Protestant book get a foothold in the school. The three things essential to religious teaching are : 1.—The Holy Bible, God's Word. 2.—Sacred Song. 3.—With very small pupils, in fact with any pupils, the most important factor is the *Christian teacher*, who works through personal influence, contact, example of Christian living and doing—(slow to anger and quick to forgive). Every child must be made to feel that the teacher is interested *in him personally* ; and the teacher must watch closely the child's growing power to appreciate spiritual things.

6.—The Bible furnishes abundant material for all grades of religious instruction, from the kindergarten to the college. It

abounds in romantic and intensely interesting episodes calculated to excite the imagination, interest the young and fix the attention,—if the teacher have the skill to adapt it to the demands of the child, as he is obliged to adapt other branches of school work.

7.—Every Christian teacher should be a diligent student of the Bible, particularly the New Testament. Very little formal instruction can be given in religion in the lower primary grades, much, however, is taught by *seeing* the conduct and *feeling* the touch of the teacher who has heard the “follow Me” spoken to Andrew and Simon.

8.—No revival or pulpit methods, no pressure of an emotional kind is to be made in any department of the school to induce children to become Protestants. Protestantism is not to be lauded nor Romanism attacked. The Word of God is a cure for all false beliefs and a sure guide to right living.

The above precedes the specific directions

for the organization of the work in the different grades,—selections of Scripture, hymns, Bible narrative, etc., and is enough to show the principles on which we proceed.

—*Dr. H. M. Lane.*

FACTS ABOUT BRAZIL.

BRAZIL is one-fifteenth of the habitable world, one-fifth of both Americas, three-sevenths of South America. It is larger than the United States and her territories (leaving out Alaska), and fourteen times as large as France. It has a coast-line of nearly five thousand miles and possesses forty-two seaports, among which are the largest and best of the world. Within these limits are found the unexplored and almost boundless *selvas* of the great Amazonian basin in the north, a large slice of the rich *pampas* in the south, and by far the largest of the three great elevated masses that constitute the bulk of the continent, in the center. These table lands, well watered, well timbered and possessing a climate unparalleled in the tropic regions of the earth, represent about four-sevenths of the whole country.

As a rule the high plateaus are of exceptional salubrity. These broad areas of fertile farming land, rich pastures and almost inexhaustible supplies of timber and minerals are rendered easily accessible through the natural highways furnished by the three great river systems—the Amazon on the north, the La Plata on the south, the San Francisco in the center. The Amazon, among its numerous affluents and tributaries, numbers twenty rivers larger than the Rhine, and it holds in its mouth an island larger than Switzerland, almost as large as England.

The material resources of Brazil are almost incalculable. The range of its productions embraces the products of both the temperate and torrid zones—the cereals, cattle, sheep, horses, cotton, sugar, coffee, rice, rubber, drugs, dye-stuffs, precious metals, iron and other minerals.

The climate of Brazil is varied, and on the whole very favorable. Being on the eastern side of the continent, it is milder and more healthful, even on the coast, than the corresponding latitudes on the west coast

of Africa, which lies just opposite, across the South Atlantic ocean. The northern parts are always warm ; yet the natives there prefer their own climate to that of even Rio de Janeiro, where the variation is quite sensible, though not very great. The part which lies in the south temperate zone enjoys a delightful climate, will produce the grains, fruits, etc., of the north temperate zone, and is well suited for emigrants from the north of Europe.

The mineral resources of Brazil are unquestionably very great, but so far unimproved to any useful extent, save precious stones and gold. The conditions for sustaining an immense population everywhere abound, when once properly developed and improved.

Brazil was discovered about A. D. 1500, and was soon after taken possession of by the Portuguese, and continued to be a colony of Portugal till 1822, when it was declared independent, under the title of the Empire of Brazil. In 1889 it revolted and became a republic, adopting a constitution and system



THE BLACKS OF BAHIA

of government similar to our own. It is divided into twenty States and a neutral district, where its capital, Rio de Janeiro, is situated.

The white population of Brazil is chiefly of Portuguese extraction; and hence the Portuguese element prevails in the institutions of the country, in the customs and habits of the people, and in every department of life. The civilization, though in general less advanced than in the more favored portions of Europe and the United States, is still European.

The language of the country is the Portuguese, a sister language to the Spanish, but clearly a distinct language. It is a beautiful language, and has been appropriately styled the eldest daughter of the Latin. It is compact, expressive, flexible, and well adapted for oratory and literature.

THE SAMARITAN HOSPITAL AT S. PAULO.

A more homelike or comfortable looking refuge for sick humanity than this pretty red-brick building, built on the edge of one of the deep ravines that make S. Paulo so picturesque, it is difficult to imagine. It must be almost a pleasure to be a guest at such a place and be looked after by the pleasant, sympathetic English nurses. The hospital is a cosmopolitan undertaking, built and supported chiefly by English, American and German residents of S. Paulo and Santos under the direction and management of Dr. Strain and a staff of competent professional English nurses, who make life within its walls something to be looked back to with a positive pleasure instead of horror. The hospital, when completed, will consist of large wards for men, women and children, private rooms for patients, bath rooms hand-

somely tiled and fitted with the most approved sanitary appliances.

The new ward will be styled the "Victoria" Ward, and its cost be entirely defrayed by the subscription raised on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee.—*Brazilian Review*. 1898.

The hospital had its origin in the Presbyterian Mission of S. Paulo. The first contribution to its funds was from an humble but devout Chinese member of the church who, besides leaving in his will a small sum of money for the founding of a Protestant hospital, bequeathed to it a house and lot. Under the laws of the Empire the government confiscated the house, but the money was held by the Mission and finally turned over to the committee organized to build the hospital.

The hospital has enlarged its borders and widened its work to embrace all who need its services, of whatever nation or creed.—*Brazilian Bulletin*.

BRAZILIAN NAVAL REVOLT ENDED BY UNITED STATES PROTECTION OF HER OWN MERCHANT-SHIPS.

THAT FAMOUS SCENE AT RIO, WHEN THE
DETROIT THREATENED TO SINK TWO OF
GAMA'S SHIPS.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Feb. 8, 1894.—The first gun fired with warlike intent by an American war ship at another ship within thirty years was fired from the Detroit early on the morning of January 29 at the insurgent Brazilian ship Trajano in this harbor. A second shot was fired a few minutes later at the Guanabara, another insurgent Brazilian lying not far from the one first assaulted. Some of the facts of this incident were told in *The Sun* on the next day after they occurred, but the whole story will

be found of interest even at the date when this can be published after transmission to New York by mail.

The trouble which made the firing necessary arose unexpectedly early in the last week of January. For some time before that date Admiral Gama, the insurgent leader, had been in communication with Admiral Benham with a view of enlisting the services of the American Admiral as a mediator in compromising the fight that had been wasting the substance of the nation for more than four months. So far as any one could see, Gama was sincere in saying that he desired peace and would make all honorable concessions to obtain it. Peixoto's Government was notified of these negotiations, and in answer a promise to submit propositions for peace was obtained. But before the Government had had sufficient time for deliberation in the matter several Captains of American merchant vessels made application to Admiral Benham for protection from the fire of the insurgents while en route to the piers to discharge cargoes.

The insurgents had notified the merchantmen that if they attempted to go to the piers to discharge cargo they would be fired upon.

This matter was brought to the attention of Gama when, as a private citizen, he called on Benham to talk over the propositions for compromise. Gama explained his position at length. He did not wish, he said, to prevent the American ships from discharging their cargoes; he wanted only that they discharge into lighters while moored in the bay in order that he might inspect their cargoes and search for munitions of war destined for the Government. He added that this right had been conceded to him by all the foreign naval commanders theretofore—Captain Lang, the British senior officer, Captain Picking, the American senior officer before Benham's arrival, and others, had united in prohibiting the landing of even a search-light intended for Government use, and the machine had in consequence been sent around to Santos and landed. Gama, in short, claimed the right to blockade

the port of Rio on the ground that he was the Brazilian master afloat—that the Government could not function to any extent whatever on the waters of the bay.

To this position Benham at once objected. He piled up all the laws and decisions in Admiralty bearing on the subject, and proved that an insurgent to whom belligerent rights had not been accorded could not lawfully interfere with the movements of foreign ships within any harbor. It was not intended that the American ships should cross any line of fire, or serve as a bulwark for Government troops. It was stated that they would assume the risk of damage from fire when at the piers if Government troops took refuge behind them, and all risk of damage from stray shot. The contention was for freedom of movement and freedom from search at the hands of an unrecognized insurgent, no matter what their cargoes.

To the plain statements of authorities, to the bearings of Admiralty decisions, and to the friendly arguments of the American Admiral the insurgent Admiral remained im-

pervious. It therefore became necessary for Admiral Benham to say plainly that the American merchant-ships should go freely about the harbor as their Captains might wish them to do, and that any interference with such movements would be resisted with force. Because Benham was affable and courteous, as it now appears, Gama did not believe force would be used, and so reiterated the threat to fire on the first American ship that tried to go to the piers.

It was on Sunday, Jan. 28, that the issue was joined verbally. Admiral Benham acted decisively and at once. The Captains of the various American naval ships in the harbor were called on board the flagship "San Francisco" and were instructed immediately to prepare their ships for action at daylight the next morning, that being the hour when the American merchant-ships wanted to start for the piers.

At 5 o'clock that evening the work of stripping ship began on the white squadron. The transformation thus wrought was remarkable. With their awnings spread, their

boats at the davits, and their bunting aloft, they had seemed to tower out of the water, and the English officers had jocosely remarked that more beautiful targets could scarcely be found. And so they seemed as the sun went down. But with the break of day not an awning or a stanchion or a boat davit was in sight to obstruct the view or the sweep of the long black guns, and the wall-sided ships had shrunk down into the semblance of tigers ready to spring.

Apparently the insurgents had anticipated and were ready to fight. The white steam was hissing from the safety valve pipes on the "Aquidaban" and the "Tamandare," lying well up the bay above Vianna Island, and the chains of their anchors had been hove short, ready for tripping on an instant's warning. The crews of the "Trajano," the "Guanabara," and the fleet of armed tugs had been augmented by almost the entire force garrisoning Cobras and Villegaignon. The "Liberdade," with her little blue ensign fluttering from the flag halliards on the main, showing that Admiral Gama was on board,

was also under steam and, with the "Trajano" and the "Guanabara," was lying just north of Enchados Island and within pistol shot of the trim Yankee bark "Amy," one of the number that wished to go to the piers to discharge.

Away to the north of these lay the Yankee barkentine "Good News," a handsome craft, too, but not alone, for one of the swift Brazilian coasters, the "Parahyba," which Mello had seized and armed, was at anchor not far away with steam up and crew at the guns; so, too, the bark "Agate" was guarded by one of these armed steamers as she lay at anchor in the merchant fleet. With the American fleet stripped for battle, with the American merchant-ships under the guns of the insurgent fleet, and with the crews of all on deck and ready for action, the picture on the bay as daylight came was one to thrill every spectator.

At 6 o'clock sharp the "Detroit," with Capt. W. H. Brownson on the bridge, got up her anchor and steamed slowly in toward the city, heading through between Enchados and

Cobras islands. As if this had been a signal prearranged for the occasion, two of the insurgent tugs left the vicinity of the "Liberdade," Gama's flagship, and started in toward the north part of the city, where shipping piers are. They at once opened fire on the soldiers stationed at intervals behind sand bags on the bulkheads. It had been and still is the custom of these tugs to so assault the north littoral of the city, but on that morning they were making a live line of fire against the piers, which the American ships had no right to cross.

Fortunately, as it appeared, the "Detroit" on getting her anchor to the hawse pipe found it badly fouled, and here was an ample excuse for proceeding slowly. She did so. She did not want to go with the Yankee clippers to the piers at a time when the act would interfere with a legitimate, if useless fight. For about half an hour the tugs swept up and down the beach, pouring a hail of Nordenfeldt projectiles on the piers, and then a bullet from a soldier's rifle struck and killed the nephew of Admiral Gama, a young

officer on one of the tugs, and both drew off though the fire was kept up until they were a mile away, among the merchant-ships.

Then when the last shot had been fired and the smoke of the fight was still hanging low over the smooth water of the bay, the "Detroit" came slowly around Enchados Island and ranged up starboardside to starboard and within sixty yards of the "Trajano" as she lay at anchor. Every man was at his post on the Yankee cruiser, the gunners standing behind their shotted guns, now glancing over the sights and then up toward the bridge at Captain Brownson in anticipation of an order to fire. Without a word or move on either ship the "Detroit" passed on, while the sailors on the "Amy" started away in a yawl to carry a line to a ship at anchor, that they might warp their ship on its way to the piers. As these sailors pulled away a marine on the "Trajano" leveled his musket and fired a shot over their heads. Then two of the heaviest insurgent tugs began to get into position for ramming the white Yankee.

At that moment a tiny blood-red roll of

bunting hung just beneath the San Francisco's truck—the signal for all the American fleet to begin the battle—and a Yankee quartermaster with a strong hand held the halliards, eager to fling the signal to the breeze. The moment the shot was fired Captain Brownson turned to the gunner, who stood at a six-pounder, and ordered him to fire into the “Trajano,” striking her at the water line six feet abaft the stem. The gunner misunderstood the order and fired across the “Trajano's” bow. Thereat Captain Brownson hailed the insurgent vessel.

““Trajano,” ahoy!” he shouted. “If you fire again I will return the fire, and if you persist I will sink you.”

It was a critical moment. The accidental discharge of one of the “Trajano's” guns by the excited crews that stood behind them would have left Captain Brownson no alternative. The “Trajano's” guns were modern rifles, and they were aimed at the Yankee. The shot would have gone clean through the “Detroit,” and the “Detroit” would have replied with a broadside at a range of but

sixty yards ; and then, with helm hard aport, she would have run in between the "Trajano" and the "Guanabara," out of range of their guns and where she could have riddled their hulls with her rapid-fire guns and swept their unprotected decks with the wicked man-killers called the secondary battery.

Happily, as is known, the shot was not fired, although the insurgents were still ugly. Instead a blank shot was fired to leeward as a protest. To this no attention was paid.

Turning to the bark "Amy." Captain Brownson saw that her sailors had been intimidated somewhat by the shot fired over them.

"You go ahead," he shouted to them, "and I'll protect you."

So the sailors rowed on with the warp line, while the "Detroit" steamed slowly ahead until she began to lap the hull of the "Guanabara." Here, as on the "Trajano," the crew stood ready at their guns—four six-inch rifles.

"Aim at the "Guanabara," ordered Captain Brownson, and at the word the "De-

troit's" four broadside and two pivot rifles swung around from the "Trajano" as though moved by one man and pointed their muzzles at the old insurgent cruiser. Then turning to the insurgent crew, Captain Brownson told them to be right careful what they did, for even an accidental shot would be considered as intentional. He finished his warning by waving his hand at a gun's crew that showed exceptional nervousness and told them they had better get away from the gun entirely.

The crew of the "Guanabara" were Brazilians to a man, and they did not understand English. But they were looking at short taw into the muzzles of guns that were eloquent in appearance, if silent, and when Brownson's hand was waved they didn't stop to argue or even shrug their shoulders; they went away.

The "Detroit" steamed on until clear of the "Guanabara" and then turned square across her stern and stopped. She now had the two insurgent ships that threatened the "Amy" where she could rake them fore and aft and sink them in five minutes. The

“Liberdade” with three small rifles was near by, and the tugs had their noses well pointed, but should the insurgent Admiral still wish to fight, the “Detroit” would not need any help. The other members of the white squadron could look after the monitor “Aquidaban” and the armed merchant ships.

Although Admiral Gama did not want to fight, he was like a boy who was sulky enough to need a whipping. Seeing the sailors of the “Amy” carrying out the wharf line he ordered a blank shot from a cannon fired at them from the “Guanabara.” As this was plainly only a matter of form, Captain Brownson replied with a musket. A member of the crew fired a bullet into the “Guanabara’s” stern.

Then a launch was lowered and a junior officer sent to Admiral Gama to say that while there was no wish to take active steps, the American merchant ships would be protected in going to the piers, that any shots fired at them would be returned, and that if shooting were persisted in the insurgent ships would be sunk. In reply Gama sent word

that if he was fired on by the American ship he would instantly surrender the whole fleet to the American Admiral. On hearing this Captain Brownson sent the cadet back to say that the "Guanabara" had been fired on and hit. The haste with which the cadet was sent on this mission makes the American colony here think that the Yankee naval sailors were to a man willing to have Gama surrender, that they might get away from the yellow fever port. But, as was cabled to *The Sun*, Gama did not surrender. He would have been glad to do so, but his enthusiastic youngsters and his British backers would not let him.

Of the British backers more will be told at another time, but there was one man mentioned in the cable of whom something should be said now. This is G. M. Rollins of New York. Rollins has been a mystery to the English-speaking people of the port. He came here on the steamer "Wordsworth" about December 1. He lived on the "Wordsworth" for a time, and then moved to the "Vandyke," a hulk owned by the Lamport & Holt

line, and used as a warehouse. Here he lived with "the manager off shore" of the line. In some way he got acquainted with Gama and the two became good friends. It was on this account that Gama opened negotiations for a compromise with the Government through Admiral Benham. When people learned this, there were many wild conjectures about Rollins. These conjectures were the wilder because Rollins did not choose to tell people why he came here, and, further, because he said he was authorized by Mr. Taylor of the New York *Herald* to send letters to that paper, while the *Herald's* special representative published a note in *O Paiz* saying that Rollins was a fraud.

Rollins tried to get the American barks to remain out in the bay, and promised them the free use of a tug and lighters if they would do so. At first they agreed to this, but afterward went to the piers. Rollins would have supplied Lamport & Holt lighters and tugs had they remained, and it is guessed that Gama would have paid the bill through Rollins.

To fully understand the result of Admiral Benham's action it should be said that until the "Detroit" opened the way the port was practically blockaded to all commerce save that of the regular liners. Ships had been lying in port four months, waiting opportunity to discharge and load. Gama had all of the tugs of the harbor, save two belonging to the Lamport & Holt line, one to Wilson, Sons & Co., one under the German flag, and one that was captured by the British naval fleet when Boyton tried to blow up the "Aquidaban" with it. This last was used as a British war-ship tender, but occasionally towed a merchant ship. The line's tugs were naturally to be had by other ships, but rarely and at high prices. Lighters were equally scarce. Gama would not let the ships go to the piers, and was in this supported by the foreign war ships so long as Captain Lang of the British ship "Sirius" dominated the foreign fleet.

The coming of Benham changed all this. The Yankee barks led the way to the piers—led at the head of a great procession. The

ships of other nations locked yardarms and crushed fenders that they might get into the line. Time has been when the American flag and the American naval fleet have been jeered and scoffed at in foreign ports, and American citizens insulted because they were Americans. I have seen that done myself, but the next day after the "Detroit" ranged up along the insurgent fleet to demonstrate that the American ships could not be fired on with impunity, I saw the flag of Great Britain dragged in the dirt of the Praça "Harmonia" and denounced as "the red rag of Brazilian rebels." I saw British ship captains look on, and I heard one say, while others applauded :

"That's right. By God, if you want protection after this you must apply to the Yankees."

JOHN R. SPEARS,

Special Correspondent of the *N. Y. Sun*.

The official report of the U. S. Navy Department states that the cruiser "New York," under command of Captain J. W. Phillip, cleared for action to sustain the "Detroit" if necessary.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN BRAZIL AS A STATE CHURCH AND AS RELATED TO PROTES- TANTISM.

(From the *New York Tribune's Special Correspondent*
at the establishment of the Republic in 1889.)

RIO, December 29. The church bells of Rio make a great clangor on Sundays. If religion were a thing of sounding brass, this great city would have cause to be known as one of the centers of Christianity. There is a jangling chime in the Lapa dos Mercadores, and there are bells great and small, harsh and shrill, resounding from hill to hill and echoing back from the outermost mountains. The Church is the oldest of Brazilian institutions. On the Castello there is a church, once the cathedral, with a portion of its walls as old as 1567. The cornerstone of the Capella Imperial, now the cathedral,

was laid as far back as 1761. The Candelaria, the largest and most costly church in Rio, has been under construction since 1775. The crumbling church of the Franciscan friars on San Antonio was begun in 1700, the Gloria, overlooking the harbor, was built in 1714, and the Rosario about the same time. Many of the monasteries and convents, which are now practically abandoned under the operation of Imperial laws, date back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The churches are not only of great antiquity, but they have been built in the main by lay brotherhoods employed in works of mercy. No other South American city has so many hospitals and asylums in active operation. The Misericordia alone cost \$1,750,000 and accommodates 1,200 patients. The lay confraternities have done and are still doing a magnificent work of mercy in Rio, and are imparting to religion elements of practical philanthropy which command respect and admiration. But old and useful as the Church is, and loud as is the summons to the faithful from belfry and

tower this summer morning, religion seems to have little vitality in the Brazilian capital. It has lost its hold upon the intelligent and educated classes. An American who contrasts the listless and perfunctory celebration of mass in the churches here with the same religious service in New-York churches of that faith is shocked and amazed. What is devotional there is the most mechanical mummary here. The priests have the appearance of worldly men earning a good living in religious trade. The very altar-boys, as I have watched them here, seem to be cutting up pranks with unseemly levity in the holy places.

A single Sunday in Rio will go far toward convincing any thoughtful observer that one of the best things that could happen for the Church in Brazil would be the same rough shaking-up which political institutions are receiving. I write in no spirit of intolerance or hostility to Roman Catholicism. It is the comparison which I have made here and in other coast towns between the Church as it is found in the United States and in Brazil

that compels the conclusion that the abrogation of the establishment as a State religion would be of inestimable benefit to Christianity. If the country has required thoroughgoing processes of revolution, so has the Church. The separation of Church and State would tend powerfully to promote a revival of religion. Roman Catholicism is purest, strongest and more active as a religious force where it is separated from the State, and where Protestantism is arrayed against it, as in the United States. It is corrupt, weak and least useful where it is a State establishment, as in Brazil, and where Protestantism does not come into serious rivalry with it. The most sincere Catholic here would have reason for rejoicing if the Provisional Government were to proclaim a separation of Church and State. There would then be signs of resurrection among these gilded tombs of religion.

What has impaired the influence of the Church in Brazil has been the corrupt and scandalous life of many of the clergy. This is not a wanton Protestant charge. It is the

sorrowful admission of faithful Catholics themselves. The evil has been one of long standing. When Dom Pedro II. was in his infancy, Antonio Diogo Feijo was Regent of the Empire. He proposed as a good Catholic a measure for sanctioning the marriage of the clergy, and compelling the Papal authorities under menace of disestablishment to allow its enforcement. When the measure failed, he wrote a book entitled *Celibao Clerical* or *Clerical Celibacy* in defense of his position, with many detailed statements of fact. The book was burned by order of the ecclesiastical authorities, but a copy of it was found in a village of San Paulo not long ago, and an edition of 5,000 copies was immediately reprinted. The immorality which this devout Catholic Regent denounced in his day still defiles the influence of the Church in Brazil. Some of the most active politicians here are known to be the sons of priests. Celibacy is too often only a cloak for immorality here. Good Catholics frankly tell you that this is one of the open scandals of their Church.

This is a time when there is real educational work to be done in Brazil. A nation is to be trained for self-government and citizenship. Old things have passed away. New social and political conditions are to be created. The Church should have a great part in this work of making a nation. It should be breaking the bonds of superstition, ignorance and medievalism. It should be teaching men and women by the example of its own clergy to lead pure and incorrupt lives. It should be leavening the whole lump of Brazilian republicanism. If the Church were disestablished and the clergy purified and reformed, it would be one of the grandest and most useful results of the revolution. For, in the long run, no nation in its political life and aspirations can get above the level of the religion which it believes or affects to despise.

1864 AND 1900.

“THERE is much that is discouraging in the aspect of Brazil, even for those who hope and believe as I do that she has before her an honorable and powerful career.

“There is much also that is very cheering, that leads me to believe that her life as a nation will not belie her great gifts as a country. Should her moral and intellectual endowments grow into harmony with her wonderful natural beauty and wealth the world will not have seen a fairer land.

“Every friend of Brazil must wish to see its present priesthood replaced by a more vigorous, intelligent, and laborious clergy.”—PROF. LOUIS AGASSIZ, 1864.

Eleven years of self-government and a disestablishment of the Church have brought the Brazilian nation out of an imperialism politically and a greater imperialism religiously. Within two years part of the priesthood has been “replaced by a more vigorous, intelligent and laborious clergy” in the State of São Paulo. A. R. H.

JOHN T. MACKENZIE.

JOHN THERON MACKENZIE, the founder of Mackenzie College at S. Paulo, Brazil, was born in the town of Phelps, Oswego County, N. Y., July 27, 1818.

He traveled extensively in the Old World and his attention was constantly attracted to the ignorance, superstition and poverty of the masses in Italy, and the lack of Christian culture in what should have been the most Christian of all countries. This spectacle of a lapsed Christianity affected him deeply, and he determined to honor his father's memory and satisfy his own convictions by establishing, somewhere, a College where the Bible should be the foundation of education. After at least one unsuccessful attempt to carry out his idea in Europe, he heard of the work that was being done by the Protestant College at S. Paulo, Brazil, shortly after the

fall of the Empire ; a staunch American, his heart went out to the youngest of American Republics, and he saw, at once, the value to the nascent Republic of having its youth grounded in a knowledge of God's Word. Without special solicitations on the part of the College, he offered spontaneously to the Trustees of the Protestant College the sum of \$50,000 with which to erect a building "to be known as Mackenzie College," and to be maintained as an institution of "learning based on the Protestant Bible, where in each department shall be daily and properly taught the teachings of Jesus Christ and his Apostles as recorded in said Bible." Of this sum only \$42,000 was received. While the College was in course of construction, its founder was stricken by apoplexy and died September 17, 1892.

